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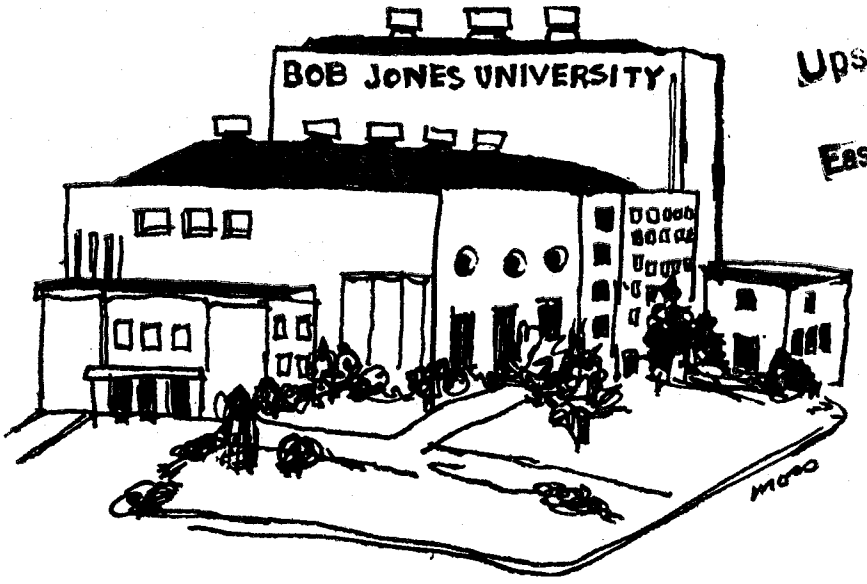

NEW CURRICULA FOR BIGOTRY

TV Kidnaps Sports
Jack R. Griffin

UN Blackout on Vietnam
Anne Weill-Tuckerman

Reviews & Essays

Space, Science and Suicide
PHILIP MORRISON
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LETTERS

Girls of Longwood

Newark, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Eva Newmark's picture of Farmville ["Encounters in Virginia," *The Nation*, Feb. 22], though too full of "spacious, turreted houses" and "red-brick mansions," is reasonably accurate; but it misrepresents Longwood College, where I taught English from 1961 to 1963.

Longwood, according to Miss Newmark, "is still a finishing school for Southern middle-class daughters." Longwood is, in fact, a teachers' college: more than 95 per cent of its degrees are in education. Almost all courses are designed to train teachers, not to "finish" ladies. . . . The students are all middle class, but almost none is upper middle class. . . .

Completing her picture of Longwood, Miss Newmark quotes an "administrator": "The tuition is still quite high." By Farmville standards perhaps, but not by most: the total cost per annum for a resident of Virginia, of room, board, tuition and fees, is $810.

Miss Newmark intimates that "a [colored] girl whose application read—class valedictorian, honor student and recipient of a college scholarship" was refused by Longwood because she was colored. A member (not a racist) of the admissions committee assures me that this girl was not qualified academically for admission. The rejection dramatizes not the bigotry of Longwood but the success of Prince Edward County's effort to keep Negroes in their place.

What will happen when Longwood is really tried no one can tell. Let us withhold condemnation. *Carson Gibb*

Our own pain

Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Sirs: John Rechy speaks of "compassion," in his excellent review of *Hustler! The Autobiography of a Thief* [*The Nation*, Mar. 8] as being the quality most lacking. This may very well be the whole point of the book, which the reader must make for himself. Harry Stack Sullivan said that anyone who had to reject tenderness (compassion, *not* softness) became invisible, invulnerable and invincible. Isn't this the way Mr. Williamson sees himself? If he were to become tender, then he would cry . . . and the whole thing would be quite different.

I was interested in "The three things a man is crazy about is his woman, his car, and his money." My 17-year-old son, attending a white suburban high school, said to me in irritation when I asked him why he didn't talk to some of his classmates about certain issues: "All those kids care about is cars, booze and money." . . . When the ability to be tender in one's relations with one's fellows is harmed, then the quality of life is degraded. . . .

The thing in Vietnam is just a reflection of this fact—we feel only our own pain, like Mr. Williamson—and cannot understand what we do or why we do it. There is *no* "Negro" problem, is what I want to say. Mr. Williamson is us. *Marion Powelson*

Friend of the 'Britannica'

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: I cannot quite follow Arthur M. Louis' argument in "The Friendly Britannica" [*The Nation*, Mar. 1]. He seems to mean that a Britannica entry should be written only by . . . an antagonist.

So what's the matter with a *protagonist*? An encyclopedia is not presumed to be argumentative. Rather, it should be informative. . . . If E. B. White is not an authority on Harold Ross, it is difficult to conceive who is. To characterize White's Britannica entry as "a spate of unmitigated praise for Ross" is to do less than justice to White's integrity. . . .

The same goes for non-people listings in Britannica—the A.T. & T., the New Deal, etc. Mr. Louis appears to regard American Tel. & Tel. as a controversial subject. Britannica, I gather, thought of it merely as a corporate entity of some public interest. Why should *not* the chairman of the board (or a bright ghost in the company's public relations department) compose the Britannica entry? And if, beyond bare historical and statistical information, he places the company in a favorable light, I can see no reason to quarrel with the entry. I doubt that even Mr. Louis finds the contributor guilty of factual distortion. . . .

For myself, I was neither astonished nor overly flattered when, as a former worker in the Planned Parenthood vineyard, I was tapped by Britannica to write the current entry on birth control. I was saturated in the subject and could write articulately about it. And, quite naturally, I am in favor of the program. . . .

So please, Mr. Louis, don't be so touchy about Bill Benton's *Wunderkind*. Britannica is not out to brainwash our generation. It's just out to do an informative job, picking the likeliest authorities available, people who know what they're writing about. *Howard Cushman*

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Correction

The correct name of the theatre company associated with Lincoln Center and mentioned in Benjamin Boretz's article of March 22, is the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.

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The Nation Aroused

The President's speech of March 15 was splendid—but it was not his alone. The impetus, the passion, came from an aroused nation. During that whole week of crisis, Mr. Johnson strove to keep from being overrun by the Selma protest. He no more intended to present a voting bill at this time than President Kennedy intended to present a civil rights bill prior to Birmingham. But when he sensed the mood and the peril, he came to life. He threw aside the politician's instinct to temporize and jumped to the head of the parade. Many an American who had been given little cause for pride in his country in recent years felt the elation of belonging to a great people and beholding leadership worthy of the occasion.

The Negro's cause, which the President rightly identified with the national cause, is still far from triumph, but it is important to understand what happened to make Selma a watershed of sentiment and opinion in the the civil rights struggle. The protest was massive and deeply impressive, most of all in the heartland of the country, in the Middle West. Except for the die-hard Southern segregationists and Robert Welch, who declared it was all a Communist plot, the determination that the Negro must be given the same right to vote as any other American was practically unanimous. It was triggered by no one thing. The Alabama state troopers with their clubs and whips and horses made their contribution, and the murder of James Reeb was the last straw: even the segregationists, except for the most debased and murderous, were horrified by that mindless atrocity. But there had been martyrs before Reeb and he is not necessarily the last. It all happened within a week, but it had been gestating a long time.

Technique was involved too—Martin Luther King had picked his target like a good general. Here was an aristocratic Old South community of 29,500, almost equally divided between whites and Negroes—and its voting rolls 99 per cent white, 1 per cent Negro. All this built up into one of those "mystic chords of memory" which Lincoln struck in the great second inaugural speech, the chords that vibrate forever, which stir a people out of their customary preoccupation with their material affairs, so that neither they nor the country are ever quite the same afterwards.

But there is a danger too. No one who heard the President can doubt his sincerity when he spoke of the "crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice," but neither can we forget the lateness of his conversion. It is true not only of the President but of each one of us, that it is easier to perform a virtuous act and to feel the glow of righteousness than to work tirelessly toward a goal that is far from won. The Negro community must keep up the pressure, and their new allies must not allow themselves to relapse into the inactive good will that is really a form of neutrality. The Southerners who have suffered shame and disgust at the outrages perpetrated in their states must now make a stand, difficult and dangerous as it may be, against their Jim Clarks and Al Lingos and the higher-ups who stand behind malefactors in the guise of officers of the law. The Northerners who have stood aloof while mobs attacked Negroes moving into all-white neighborhoods have an equally urgent mission. There is no feeling so transitory as indignation that is not followed by sustained effort. Crucial weeks and months lie ahead.

The Nation Apathetic

"There is something sick," one commentator wrote, "about a nation that can deploy thousands of soldiers to go off shooting Vietcong . . . in the jungles but can't spare a few hundred to avert the murder of a minister by a used car salesman in Alabama." The observation would have done credit to any editorial writer on any metropolitan newspaper; it appeared in the *Michigan Daily* and was written by a student, Roger Rapoport. Rep. Edith Green of Oregon voiced the same thought. "How can we dispatch 3,500 Marines to Vietnam," she demanded, "when we cannot save our citizens from the tyranny practiced at home?" Letters to *The Nation* call attention to this strange moral anomaly. Yet the fact remains that an evangelical excitement seized thousands of Americans when James Reeb was attacked, while the air operations against North Vietnam are scarcely news any more. In fact, President Johnson has been saved, at least temporarily, from the necessity of explaining his plans and policies in Southeast Asia, almost as if it were no one's business but his own. It is like the happy days of unchecked imperialism, when the Royal Air Force could bomb Indian villages and no one cared but the Indians.

In the long run, however, good actions will not so easily mask evil ones. We are only just emerging from the thought control imposed by the cold war and its acute phase, McCarthyism. It was the upsurge of the civil rights movement that braked the momentum of repression. The Negro revolt showed that protest was possible, and how to go about it. It brought us back to political realities, and it was able to effect this transformation because it was unmistakably and indigenously American, it was nonviolent, and it had evolved new techniques. It could not be baited into submission. In its latest phase, how do you smear these nuns and clergymen as Reds? Has Cardinal Spellman turned Red?

Yet, until this upsurge we had lost, in many cases without realizing it, the experience of protest politics. Montgomery and Birmingham revived that vital American mode of expression, and Selma brought it back

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to stay. Now the problem is to transfer this political revival to the area of international affairs, where the obstacles are even greater. "We arouse ourselves about civil rights and national parks," said John Kenneth Galbraith in a recent speech, "but in foreign policy we readily tolerate concessions that should have gone out with John W. Bricker." It is much easier to deplore lawlessness in Selma than to criticize the Administration for ignoring our obligations under the UN Charter. We inveigh against "storm troopers" in Alabama, but the bombing of villages in South Vietnam—and the bombing of cities in North Vietnam, which may come next—is supposed to arouse only patriotic pride. The newspapers and radio supply full details of the beatings and murders in our own South, but the lid is on so tightly at the Pentagon that only the desired leaks concerning Vietnam come forth. Every effort has been made to squelch discussion of any alternatives to the indefinite escalation of the war, and this has been done under the express direction of the same President who appealed so eloquently for freedom and justice before the two houses of Congress.

Yet the moral potential is present, out there in the country. Despite the grimness of the experience and the atmosphere of hatred in which they moved, the pilgrims who marched in Selma were exhilarated by the experience. For many, these must have been the most significant days of their lives. They had rediscovered the politics of meaningful protest, of standing up to danger, and they knew it was worth whatever it cost.

For the present these feelings cannot be transferred from the cause of domestic justice to the cause of justice abroad. Only a minority see the connection. But then, only a short time ago political protest of any sort was in effect outlawed, and before that hardly anyone questioned the dictum that one's country could do no wrong and to die in its defense was the highest good. Some stirrings among the most alert of our young people indicate that they no longer find these views axiomatic. Those of them who display the same passion in protests against U. S. policy in Vietnam as against Alabama policy in Selma are riding the wave of the future.

The Unlearned Lesson of Korea

In its initial stage, the Korean War was the result of the conspiracies and blunders of Kim Il-Sung, Syngman Rhee, Dean Acheson, John Foster Dulles and Harry Truman, among others. Under Douglas MacArthur's prodding the Chinese joined in; and finally Dwight D. Eisenhower, in what must rank as one of the principal achievements of his eight years in the Presidency, ended the "police action" in a draw.

On the American side, more than 33,000 men were lost in battle and an additional 20,000 died from other causes. The total casualties, including those among civilians, may have exceeded a million. With what result? The question is pertinent because something like the Korean truce is the apparent aim of American statecraft in Vietnam today: not a reunification of North and South, not a federation, not trade or any kind of intercourse on a constructive basis, but an indefinite hostile confrontation. What this will lead to—if it can be established—is foreshadowed in a series of articles by Rafael Steinberg in *The Washington Post*. "While the United States struggles with Chinese power in Vietnam," he writes at the outset, "a crisis is slowly but inexorably approaching on another front where America faces Asian communism."

A massive aid program has kept the South Koreans from starving, but there has been no significant economic improvement because of corruption and profiteering among the business, government and military elites. Though Lt. Gen. Park Chung Hee's army cabal seized power ostensibly to curb corruption, it continues to flourish. American millions are siphoned off into the pockets of South Korean patriots on a larger scale than ever.

Though a trifle compared with the real stealing that goes on, a small fringe benefit in which Americans are the catalyst is mentioned by Steinberg. The military government cracked down on its officials attending klsaeng (dancing girl) restaurants. But if an American official or VIP visitor is present, attendance (ultimately at the American taxpayer's expense) is fitting and proper. It is a revealing sidelight on the great reforms that were promised four years ago. In South Vietnam, Ngo Dinh Diem and his sister-in-law went through similar purifying motions, with similar results. The American market for South Vietnamese concubines could hardly be better.

Meanwhile, what Steinberg calls a "harsh and brutal Stalinist regime" has been building industry in North Korea with a minimum of thievery and whoring. The prevalence of order, however achieved, is having its effect in North Korea, in South Korea, and internationally. Steinberg quotes a defector from the North who still maintains connections there. The people don't like the regime, the defector says, but they like even less what they see south of the truce line, and they would choose communism if elections were held now. Within the past year, seven countries have recognized the Pyongyang government, and eleven nations outside the Communist bloc have relations with it. Australia has sold it wheat, and Britain has sent a trade mission. These two were among our foremost allies in the Korean War.

The handwriting on the wall is visible from Seoul too. Col. Kim Chong Pil, Park Chung Hee's favorite relative, is a nationalist revolutionary who may some day try to make a deal reuniting the two Koreas. Would not similar forces draw together North and South Vietnam, however the United States planned things? It is almost fifteen years since the Korean War began, more than eleven since it ended. Surely these are periods long enough to digest the results, but as far as American policy is concerned it is as if it had never happened. Santayana said that those who will not learn from history are doomed to repeat it.

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'Indecent Exposure'

Reporters covering the Selma and Montgomery demonstrations have described how Negro men and women, corralled by troopers, were, as the hours passed, obliged to urinate right there in the streets together.

We are pleased that the rest of the nation is finally being informed of this ultimate degradation of the Negro, but it is nothing new. If Negroes are not considered to be worth educating in the schools used by white children, that's bad; but even the old separate-but-equal doctrine acknowledged them to have human intelligence. If Negroes are not welcome in white restaurants, that's unfortunate; but even when they were served in the kitchen, under the old system, they were permitted to eat at a table, like people.

It is only in matters of toilet that the South has insisted on treating the Negro as truly no better than an animal, properly discharging his waste in the bushes or in the alleys or even in the streets.

"Indecent exposure" over the years has been one of the commonest charges brought against Negroes in the South. Far from indicating perversion, however, it usually means that some poor devil has been trapped by natural demands in a section of town where there are simply no toilets a Negro can use. So he goes up against a car or in a doorway, doing his best to maintain some modesty. But he is seen and reported, and the cops haul him away. Negro women, too, of course.

This problem is still the bane of traveling Negroes. Many Southern service stations have no rest rooms for them, and those that do almost always insist that Negro men and women use the same room. (The irony of this is that the white rest rooms which are being protected with such zeal are usually filthy.) A vice president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference tells us of traveling through northwest Florida with his small daughter, who became ill and desperately needed a toilet. He was turned away from four service stations, and the girl had to use a ditch.

As Charles Silberman has observed, nothing is so brutally efficient in crushing will power as to impose conditions that presume the opponent to have neither sex nor modesty. What was true on the slave ships two centuries ago was still true in the Nazi concentration camps. Professor Stanley Elkins reminds us that the Nazi prisoner "had to ask permission for every single thing—even to urinate or defecate—and permission would not always be granted."

The Jack Ruby Case

The nightmarish confusion of the Jack Ruby case is still with us. A Dallas jury found Ruby guilty of the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald, after a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity had been entered. On the score of fairness, the trial itself left a great deal to be desired; throughout the proceedings, the atmosphere of the courtroom was that of a three-ring circus. After the trial an appeal was taken, but in February the criminal appellate court entered an order staying further proceedings until a new hearing could be held on the question of Ruby's present mental state. In itself this action would indicate that the appellate court had some doubts about Ruby's sanity. Judge Joe E. Brown, who presided (after a fashion) at the criminal trial, will also preside at the insanity hearing which is scheduled to start on March 29.

Since Ruby is a pauper, he will have to be represented by court-appointed counsel, but in the selection of that counsel the court does not have an unlimited or arbitrary discretion. Yet despite the vehement objections of the defendant and members of his family, Judge Barnes insists that Ruby shall be represented by Joe Tonahill, one of his attorneys during the trial, and by another Texas lawyer. With the approval of his family, Ruby has asked for William Kunstler, of the New York bar, Elmer Gertz, of the Chicago bar, and Sol Dann, of the Detroit bar, three well-known and highly respected lawyers; Mr. Gertz represented Nathan Leopold in the proceedings which finally resulted in his release from state prison. By any standard, Judge Barnes's ruling is bizarre. If he feels that Ruby is presently insane and therefore not competent to select counsel, an order should be entered to that effect; it would automatically stay further proceedings. But Ruby was found sane at the criminal trial and is entitled to the presumption of sanity until some adjudication has been made to the contrary. As such he should have, by the narrowest interpretation, the right to "veto" the designation by the court of a counsel with whom he and members of his family feel that they cannot cooperate. It should be noted, in passing, that affidavits filed in support of the motion to substitute counsel assign specific reasons why Ruby objects to Tonahill as counsel; on their face, these reasons are impressive. But whether they have merit or not, there is something grotesque about the spectacle of forcing a defendant to be represented by counsel in whom neither he nor members of his family have confidence. Of course an appeal can be taken or a new action can be brought in the federal court to test the ruling; in the meantime the Jack Ruby case continues to be a travesty of justice.

The Long War for Peace

One of this country's most valuable, effective and least-publicized organizations, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, is observing its fiftieth anniversary. Peace organizations have come (usually with peace) and have gone (usually with war) but the League persists. It has eschewed the flamboyant and spectacular in single-minded pursuit of a basic objective: international relations must be determined not by force but by friendship and justice. It has never permitted ideological or other differences to becloud its vision. The League grew out of the First International Congress of Women which met at The Hague, with Jane Addams presiding, in 1915. History suggests that the world would have been a better place today if World War I had been terminated then, on

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the basis of the concrete plan for peace which the League proposed. Jane Addams was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931, Emily Greene Balch in 1946. The prize has never been bestowed more appropriately or for better reasons. In the years 1918-19, Emily Balch was a member of *The Nation's* staff; she helped edit the International Relations Section which was one of Oswald Garrison Villard's editorial innovations. Interested readers should turn back the pages to our issue of May 14, 1955, and reread "Emily Greene Balch: The Long War for Peace" by Dan Gillmor, and, in the same issue, Miss Balch's memorable "Letter to China" in which she wrote:

> Let us be patient with one another,
> And even patient with ourselves.
> We have a long, long way to go
> So let us hasten along the road
> The road of human tenderness and generosity,
> Groping, we may find one another's hands in the dark.

UN Blackout on Vietnam . . . Anne Weill-Tuckerman

United Nations

Prime Minister Lester Pearson of Canada recently suggested in a speech in New York that "the international community take over the responsibility of sealing off frontiers against guerrilla infiltration" in Southeast Asia. Mr. Pearson, the originator of the first UN police force, the United Nations Emergency Force in the Middle East, did not specify that the United Nations should assume a similar responsibility in Vietnam: he was well aware that, while the United States and the Soviet Union welcomed a UN intervention in the Suez crisis in 1956, both powers, for reasons of their own, are united today against such an intervention in Vietnam.

This lack of involvement by the United Nations, the primary organ for maintaining peace, may well seem paradoxical when the dangers of escalation are cited every day. Even stranger, no member state of the organization has seen fit to bring the Vietnamese case to the attention of the Security Council. The main argument cited for this omission is that three of the most interested parties—North Vietnam, South Vietnam and Communist China—are not members of the UN. This is a valid objection, which the Secretary-General himself has repeatedly recognized, but it does not completely justify inaction: a number of crises, first and foremost Korea, have hitherto been debated by the UN in the absence of some of the major parties concerned. But on such occasions, the UN members who were parties to the situation were willing to have it discussed.

In the case of Vietnam, the United States, the principal member state concerned, has been not only unwilling but unbendingly opposed to the issue coming before the organization, and has strongly discouraged any country inclined to bring it forward. Some time last year, following border incidents between Cambodia and South Vietnam, Adlai Stevenson gave the impression that Washington might keep the UN in reserve as a possible police agent in Southeast Asia, but times have changed. In the first place, the future of UN peace-keeping operations is bleak at best, due to lack of funds and disagreement on methods. But equally important, the new term of the Johnson Administration has brought forth a policy of military initiative aimed, at least for the moment, at diplomatic surrender by the Vietnamese Communists. Any UN debate, however inconclusive, would of necessity lay emphasis on an immediate cease fire and negotiations.

Whatever the motives of Washington or the possibility that the United States can win a gamble based on its evaluation of the combined military weakness of North Vietnam and the political disunity of the Communist camp, the fact is that Moscow is presently giving Washington an unwilling supporting hand. Before the *détente* brought about by the Cuban missile crisis and the deepening of the Moscow-Peking rift, the escalation by the United States of the Vietnam war would have been a "natural" for the Soviet Union to bring before the Security Council. Today it is safe to state that Moscow is as reluctant as Washington to have the UN involved, for any public discussion of the affair would force the Soviets openly to repudiate coexistence with the United States with no assurance of getting the support of China in exchange.

For the moment, Moscow is doing all it can to avoid making a choice between Washington and Peking. (The recently concluded conference of Communist parties in Moscow confirms this view.) The Soviet Union has told Washington privately that new steps toward a *rapprochement*, such as an exchange of visits at the Summit, must await the end of the policy of escalation. Publicly, it has castigated the United States for its actions in Vietnam, mostly by issuing communiqués and encouraging window-breaking demonstrations at U.S. embassies. It has promised, and probably delivered, some military support to North Vietnam. But in the new style of the Kosygin-Brezhnev era, there has been nothing approaching the Khrushchevian threats and atom rattling of the Suez, Berlin and Congo crises.

An exercise in anti-U.S. utterances in the Security Council would earn the Russians little gratitude in Peking. The Chinese Reds have made a point during recent months of denouncing any action taken or debated in the United Nations, as subject to American domination or connivance between the "superpowers," to the detriment of other nations. The acquiescence by Moscow to the paralysis imposed upon the General Assembly by American dog-

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matism on peace-keeping finances was so described on the last day of the General Assembly in February by the representative of Albania, the avowed spokesman for Peking in the United Nations. The Kremlin was rebuffed once before, last summer, when North Vietnam turned down an invitation that the Soviet delegation had wrung from the Security Council following the American punitive action in the Gulf of Tonkin. If Vietnam now became the topic of a Security Council debate, Peking could very well accuse Moscow of attempting to take advantage of the nonrepresentation of the Chinese Communist Government in the United Nations to make a deal with Washington.

As American bombings increase and extend north of the 17th Parallel, the reaction of Peking remains in doubt. The Chinese may fear, above all, an American strike on their nuclear installations but on the surface, they, like the Americans are showing to the world a posture of intransigence. They may "signal" the United States, as Washington is "signaling" Hanoi, that the "vacation of aggression" is a prior condition for negotiation.

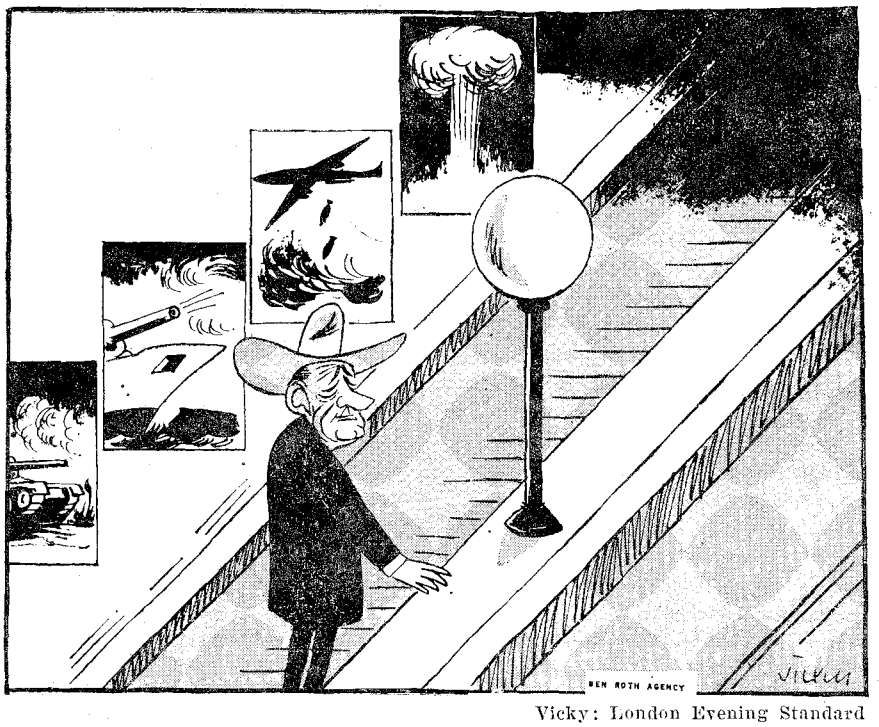
On the other hand, negotiations are the immediate goal of Russia and France—of Russia because it fears to become more involved if the war continues; of France because it believes that only a settlement guaranteed by Peking can bring lasting stability in Southeast Asia. Both want a return to the Geneva conference table, with all interested parties present, rather than a debate in the UN where majorities are sometimes marshaled on the basis of extraneous considerations.

What about the smaller powers, who make up the great numerical force of the UN and who are overwhelmingly dismayed by the escalation in Vietnam? How is it that not one of the hundred-odd medium and small member states has brought the Vietnam issue to the Security Council, when so many other disputes in a lesser stage of military development have been aired before that body?

Some of these countries are close allies of the major powers and share their respective views. Others may have been subjected to an adequate degree of pressure. Still others, particularly in Asia, are entangled in their own problems or are already members of the existing machinery under the Geneva agreements. Many, especially the Africans, take active interest only on issues that are primarily aspects of colonialism. Apart from these considerations, one can say that the small powers at the UN have abdicated their responsibilities. (This has been admitted publicly and privately by several African and Asian diplomats.) The 19th General Assembly was stillborn, and a spirit of frustration and impotence pervades the whole United Nations. By allowing the Assembly to be buried under a big-power struggle on financing, by going along with the notion that no Assembly session at all was better than a big-power "confrontation," the members of the General Assembly have, in fact, confirmed the contention of the Big Powers that the irresponsible majority cannot be trusted with the affairs of the world. The group of "nonaligned nations" may try to dissipate this impression at the current Belgrade conference. However, a special session of the General Assembly is out of the question in the present constitutional deadlock. The UN itself must first undergo its "great negotiation" or "renegotiation" concerning its future role in peace keeping, a role difficult to assume in the Far East as long as Peking is not represented in the world organization.

All these factors are very much present in the mind of Secretary-General U Thant, who has been extremely preoccupied for more than a year with the Vietnam problem, and who has the constitutional power, under Article 99 of the Charter, to submit it to the Security Council. Another Secretary-General, less pragmatic than U Thant (for instance Dag Hammarskjold) might have thrown himself into the melee, no matter what the consequences, and set the UN machinery in motion. But U Thant is a realist. He may fear, moreover, that far from revitalizing the UN, a debate begun on shaky legal grounds, against the stubborn opposition of one of the major parties and in the absence of the others, could reduce the prestige of the Security Council to the present low level of the General Assembly and hasten a general disenchantment with the organization.

U Thant has left no doubt about his personal view: he has espoused the French thesis against a military solution and for a return to the Geneva conference; he has appealed publicly to the parties involved to undertake negotiations. But he has not tried to put the UN in the spotlight. Rather, the Secretary-General feels that all he can do in the present circumstances is weave a net of channels with all the parties involved, sending feelers, sometimes receiving reactions. He has established contact with North Vietnam and will meet the Chinese Communists at the Afro-Asian conference



Vicky: London Evening Standard

The Escalator

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in Algiers in June. Washington has opposed his insistence on negotiations from the start, but it has not discouraged this patient labor, being apparently motivated by deference to his office.

In the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962, the UN served as a mailbox. The elevators leading to the 38th-floor office of U Thant were in constant use before the dialogue started between President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev. In the different context of the Vietnam crisis, it does not appear for the moment that the UN will be called upon to play even this preliminary role. However, the situation could change, and some old UN hands feel that the organization could not remain aloof if the present gamble in Vietnam led overnight to full escalation, with a direct risk of world war.

BOB JONES UNIVERSITY

New Curricula for Bigotry . . . .

Robert G. Sherrill

When Henry James said that one is as unlikely to find Christianity in American life as to find a centerpiece on a billiard table, he could not have been speaking of the Deep South or of fundamentalism, the Deep South's favorite brand of Christianity. It is everywhere and seeps into everything, but especially into politics.

In the back country they may quarrel over foot washing and using the single cup, and in the cities they may split over immersion and Arminianism, but when it gets down to the spiritual nut cutting, an impressive majority stands foursquare together against the anti-Christ of liberalism that seeks man's perfectability through his own efforts; stands foursquare for the God who created the world in six days without the aid of evolution or urban renewal.

These are not snake handlers, operating along the keening edge of religious hysteria. They are the intellectually and emotionally flat-footed middle class, from millhands to merchants, and they are not looked upon as queer or rare, because in their neck of the woods they are not.

These people will not, in our lifetime, give up. And the reason why they do not give up, the reason why the problems that confront the Deep South today are not much different from what they were sixty years ago, is that these Southerners are not just waging a political and economic war against change—although they are waging that, too—but a religious war.

Nowhere is this more impressively demonstrated than at Bob Jones University of Greenville, S.C., a school whose ministerial graduates preach to an estimated 1 million Americans every Sunday (5,000 preachers with an average congregation of at least 200), not to mention the many millions these ministers reach via radio programs each week, and the 800 missionaries in ninety foreign countries who supply the world with one image of America.

"If you would take the preachers that this school has put into the pulpits of America out of the pulpits," an executive of the school told me, "and remove from the mission field the graduates of the school who are serving the Lord there, there would be a tremendous void created in the realm of Biblical Christianity." There would indeed.

Bob Jones University bills itself as "the world's most unusual university," and when one measures it against what normally passes as higher education in this country, the title hardly seems excessive.

It is not so much a college as a bastion. In the minds of those who run Bob Jones University—which, for all practical purposes, means Bob Jones, Bob Jones, Jr., Bob Jones, III and Bob (Lefty) Johnson, lifetime business manager—this school is the last strong campus outpost of fundamental Christianity. Wheaton College also makes that claim, but in recent years Christians who keep track of such things have begun to suspect that Wheaton harbors a professor or two who believe in evolution. If that is true, Bob Jones University may properly claim today to be foremost among the nation's fundamentalist colleges. Its mission: to turn out men and women graduates who will oppose liberalism in all forms.

There are other colleges which share its beliefs and follow them faithfully, but none of these can rival BJU in size—3,500 students; or in wealth, which is sufficient to give the Joneses will power to refuse a $2-million grant offered them by the tobacco-stained Duke Foundation. Nor can these others match it in renown. This is the school that dismissed Billy Graham as a student for breaking rules, later gave him an honorary Ph.D, then reversed itself again and damned him as a heretic in an argument that still rattles the fundamentalist world. This is the school that counts Gov. George Wallace among its illustrious honorary alumni, and among its more illustrious directors Sen. Strom Thurmond, George Grant (who, until the Republican fluke threw him out of office, was Alabama's most conservative Congressman), and U.S. Sen. Frank Carlson of Kansas, the dedicated Baptist who recently presided at the prayer breakfast for President Johnson.

Bob Jones, the founder (who frequently refers to himself in just that way: The Founder) was the greatest evangelist of his day, and his day was that of Billy Sunday. The Reverend Sunday was, despite a lot of ex post facto character building, more acrobat than minister. Jones was the real thing: by the time he was 40, he had converted a million people. And when he hit a town, things happened. People didn't just march down to the mourners' bench for an evening's catharsis and then forget it. The fear of God hung over the community long after the Reverend Jones had departed. When he

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Robert G. Sherrill is writing a book about Southern political personalities, to be published by Houghton, Mifflin.

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preached in Dothan, Ala., the people decided to close the brewery, although it was their chief industry. Fifty years later it is still closed.

But in the late 1920s, evangelism had passed its heyday; it was, in fact, beginning to get a shopworn reputation. That's when the Reverend Jones "got the call" to become an educator. He opened a college in Panama City, Fla., but the 1929 crash wiped it out. He opened again in Cleveland, Tenn., and had built up an establishment worth $2,250,000 before he sold out thirteen years later and moved to Greenville, S.C.—enticed there in part by an offer from Greenville business leaders of 185 acres on the outskirts of town.

One of the most apparent defects of fundamentalism is that, like John Wayne impersonating a Roman soldier at the Crucifixion, it runs to vulgarities: religious art that glows in the dark, rinky-tink hymns. In an incongruous way, BJU tries to move against this tendency; incongruous because, although the school rails against the world's depravity and the degeneracy of man, it promotes activities that would attract the worldly. It has a cinema department that ranks just behind USC's and UCLA's (though, of course, no BJU graduate would seek a Hollywood career); a music department equipped with 100 pianos and twelve organs; and an art gallery that offers a sprinkling of Botticelli, Tintoretto and Titian.

The arty touch is brought to fruition in Dr. Bob Jones, Jr., the 57-year-old balding president of BJU, who considers himself quite a Shakespearean actor and assigns himself a top role in almost every play the school puts on. As a dying Lear, he can mutter a creditable "Pray you, undo this button." But when he mounts the political pulpit critics sometimes seem to detect a note of meanness and arrogance, in statements such as: "I am not so disturbed about the enemy bombs that may be dropped upon our American cities as I am about the termites of moral decay in the foundation of our American society." But his oratorical style sometimes flits off in other directions, and he can just as easily sound downright precious, as in one sermon when he described a Biblical scene in these terms:

> *[John] saw the face of the ocean in its laughing mood when little wavelets, like frisky kittens, romped with strands of seaweed about the ankles of the beach. On stormy nights, John, by lightning's flashes, glimpsed the bosom of the sea heaving in anger beneath the insults of the wind and the lashing of the tempest. He watched the pouting tides pull their lacy gowns of foam about them, turn their backs, and sulk away from the beach. He watched the enamored billows fling themselves upon the rocky breast of those chaste shores and, being repulsed, die of love unrequited, to be trampled under foot of their fellow waves as they in their turn rushed up to kiss the sands.*

It is a style that would have made the old evangelical roarers grit their teeth.

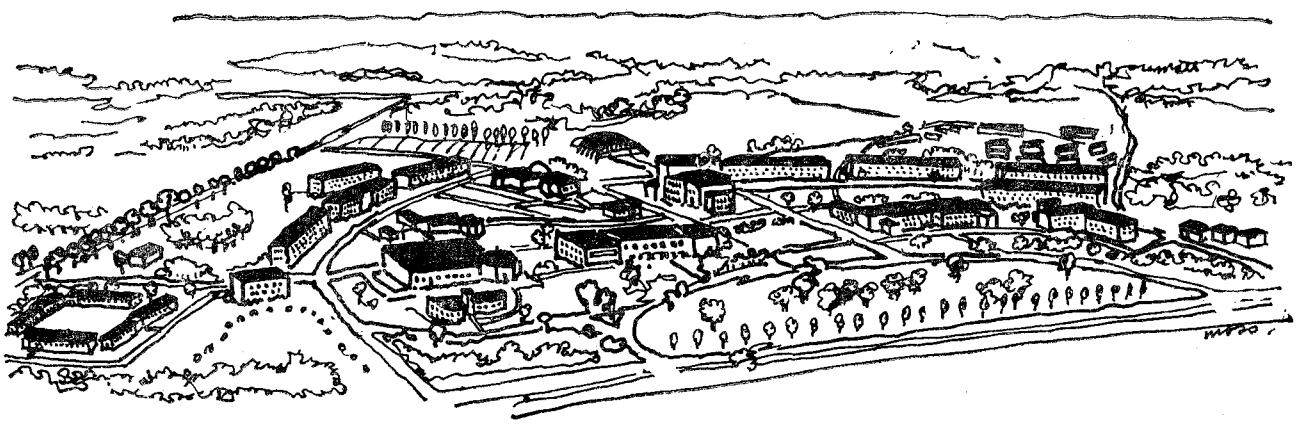
And then there is Bob, III, at 25 vice president of the school and expertly versed in the policy. He runs the school when his father is out of town, which is three-fourths of the time.

It is not quite enough to say the Joneses run the place; they permeate it. When students or faculty quit the school, they will as often as not assign as one of their main reasons a disgust at what they felt was a deification of the Jones family. "Standing up for Dr. Jones" is common calisthenics at BJU. On the other hand, many of the alumni are quite content to pay almost worshipful respect to the Joneses. One alumnus told me, "if I were on the other side of the globe and Dr. Bob told me to come, I would put down whatever I had at hand, and leave immediately."

For such dominating educators, the Joneses do not have the best credentials, as the world goes. Mostly they are laden with honorary degrees from such places as John Brown University, Siloam Springs, Ark., and Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio. But they can afford to take whatever sneers are directed at them on that score. How many other college executives own the establishment, lock, stock and Bible —a $28 million going concern, which they can sell whenever they want to move on?

In that $28 million bundle are two radio stations, including one of the most powerful FM stations in the Southeast, sending out classical music, gospel music (but no crass foot-stomping singing, like the Stamps-Baxter outfit), Bible messages and, almost as important in a religious way, messages from such eminent right wingers as Carl McIntire, Billy James Hargis (who has an honorary Ph.D. from Bob Jones), Dan Smoot, Major Edgar Bundy and Howard Kershner. Not to mention frequent religio-political tidings from the Joneses themselves.

BJU is an object of amusement even to some hard-shell Methodists and Baptists, largely because of its strictness and because of the inbred quality of its faculty. Of about 150 regular faculty, only 10 hold doctorates and of these, four got their Ph.D.s at Bob Jones University. BJU officials long ago learned that the best way to find teachers who believe as the administration believes,



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and who are willing to submit to the regimen of the campus, is to train their own. Only twenty members of the faculty failed to take at least some of their studies at BJU, and most of the faculty got a degree from there.

Appropriately, since the Jones family controls the school with a firm hand, there is a dominating "family" atmosphere about the place. As part of their pay, the faculty is given room and board. When a husband is hired to teach, his wife is under contract too—to work however she can. Teachers are paid according to their needs; an instructor with four children will earn more than a professor without a family.

No one goes to Bob Jones to teach without knowing what awaits him, but even among the initiates the air sometimes gets too thick, and some of those who leave are highly critical of what they left behind. Dr. Bob, Jr., has a word to say about that kind of apostate: "We fired a fellow from Bob Jones University once. He went out and said we were all crooked here. Looks to me like if he were an honest man he would have quit long ago rather than work with crooks. Brother, if we were crooked and he knew it, and still stayed on all those years, he was guilty as we are."

This professor had been fired for voicing criticisms. The first and most important rule at BJU, for both faculty and students, is: *No griping.* Dr. Bob, Sr., is fond of telling the BJU students in chapel, "if you don't like it here you can pack your dirty duds and hit the four-lane highway." Faculty members who get out of line can be fired on ten days' notice. Dr. Bob, Jr., says: "We do not believe that a man in this school which has taken the Biblical position in every particular, right down to the tales of creation, we do not believe it is a just usage of the term academic freedom for a man to be able to say in the name of academic freedom, 'I'm going to teach evolution or free love in this school.' Academic freedom here boils down to the ability to say anything you want to say so long as it doesn't offend the Bible. We wouldn't tolerate any teaching in this school that was opposed to the Biblical position."

The regimentation of the faculty, however, is lightweight compared to the rules that run the student body.

A student who is merely caught inside—not necessarily buying anything, just inside—any of a dozen anathematized stores near the campus is automatically dismissed from BJU. These are stores—drugstores and grocery stores, as well as eateries—that obtained liquor licenses over the protests of the college.

Also students are *not* allowed to:

- Listen to jazz on the radio, sing or play it themselves.
- Go into the gym in mixed groups.
- Date off-campus without written permission.
- Sit or lie down on blankets anywhere on the 185-acre campus.
- Leave the campus after 10:30 P.M.
- Borrow anything from townspeople.
- Release any information to newspapers without getting it approved by the administration.

In addition, there are some general regulations for everyone. Students are warned that anybody who "occupies his time excessively with games such as checkers, chess, puzzles" will be considered "irresponsible" and kicked out of school. Cards are absolutely taboo—even "Wheaton Poker" (Rook). Freshmen women may have two dates a week, sophomores three a week, juniors four, and seniors can date as often as they please. But "date"—except by special permission and with chaperon—means on-campus, and it also means for no more than two hours. Couples aren't allowed to stroll around the campus holding hands, either. (And remember: *no blankets.*) If they aren't attending a concert or other campus activity, they may sit down and talk in the student lounge—always keeping a 6-inch space between their bodies on the couch.

Male freshmen may leave the campus three times a week in the daytime (checking out first), and liberties are moderately increased over the next three years. Freshmen must go in pairs, to chaperon one another.

The parade-ground crackle is awesome. Students rise with a bell, and go to sleep with a bell; they must attend all chapels; they must go to all meals; they must study at certain times and not study at certain other times; they must wear certain clothing (stockings for the girls at all times; for the boys, ties to class, coats at evening meal); girls must not loiter in the halls; all classes must open with a prayer, and all discussion groups close with a prayer.

The school administration admits that only students with the most Christian grace will last beyond their freshman year, but those who do, says The Founder, are well rewarded: "If you ever feed on heavenly manna, garlic and onions can never taste good any more. If you can go back from Bob Jones University after all that you get here and feed on the husks that the swine eat, you'll be like the prodigal son. It won't satisfy your hunger."

These regulations of time and place are as nothing compared to the regulations of thought, which are considered quite normal by an administration that at the same time describes the National Council of Churches as "a totalitarian group, just as dictatorial as Rome itself." In the light of that condemnation, the regulations could appear hypocritical; actually they are entirely consistent with the regional impulse to balk at every order that comes from a foreign source (Washington, say) while demanding strict adherence within the region to every communal tradition.

Dr. Bob, III, says proudly: "We're unusual in our objectives to teach the student *what he believes.* Most schools would be appalled at this statement, but committed as we are, we don't throw out a bunch of theories to them about the religions of the world and philosophy and this sort of thing."

Put in another way, the college teaches its graduates to act from a pre-thought, not to think. As Dr. Bob, Sr., is fond of saying: "This is not the age of the *thinker;* it's the age of the *doer.* If you try to think crossing a highway or street, some fool will run over you." And the best way to insure that their graduates act in a prescribed way is to spend four years, as the president says, "teaching them what they think." Leave no doubt about it, for, as Dr. Bob, Jr., counseled one chapel group, "what's doubtful is dirty."

Large corporations reportedly are wild about the Joneses' well-drilled graduates, who stay at their desks until the factory whistle blows, do not gripe about management policies, do not loiter around the water fountain, and obey all office rules. "I've had Bendix recruiters tell me

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they would much rather come here than go to Harvard or Yale," said Dr. Bob, III.

But the mold of institutional conformity does not extend to the institution itself. Because of rampant inbreeding, lack of Ph.D.s on the faculty, shortage of curriculum, and methods of paying its teachers, the school could never win accreditation by a regional college association. But even if it could, the Joneses would refuse to belong, because, says Dr. Bob, Jr., "They dictate your administrative policies to you pretty much. One of our objectives has been *individuality* in education."

It goes without saying that a BJU graduate does not go out into the world marked by what Arnold called "the sweet reasonableness of Jesus," for that was not the purpose of his four-years' training. Right is right and wrong is wrong, so why be reasonable about it? Dr. Bob, III, does not dodge the point. He acknowledges that BJU students, faculty and graduates deserve to be called zealots and, in fact, views the term with favor:

> *A man ought to be zealous for what he believes, when his belief is founded in the word of God, which is unfailing. Yes, like Goldwater, yes, that's right, that's right. There's nothing wrong with being an extremist. Look at the Communists. You'd certainly have to say they're extreme. They lay down their life for the cause of godless communism. Anything for the state. Why shouldn't a man who has been given the gift of eternal life by Jesus Christ be ten times more zealous in the spread of the gospel? There's nothing wrong with being extreme in the cause of right.*

This certitude sets the BJU student aside as a man to be reckoned with. One boy, hitchhiking back to BJU for the fall term, was picked up by an Episcopal minister, who had his car radio tuned to a jazz program. Without asking permission, the BJU student switched off the radio and launched out in a talk meant to liberate the Episcopal priest from his sinful ways. And this boy was not even a ministerial student. The ministerial students are something else again. Last year they distributed a quarter million Bible tracts, held 28,680 services in churches around Greenville (sometimes irritating the resident pastor by criticizing him), stopped an estimated 80,350 citizens on the street —or rousted them out of their homes—to talk to them about their need of Christ. They are relentless.

Founder Jones, who enjoys creating "sayings," frequently says, and his disciples repeat after him, "You can go as far as you like with a man of good will down the same road without compromising. Compromising begins when you go a step down the wrong road." And that, the Joneses will tell you, is why today they are the harshest opponents of the Rev. Billy Graham. He went down the wrong road; he compromised by getting on the platform with unbelievers, even with Catholics. For a while they were all for him; that was back in the days when Billy had the blessings of such men as Rev. William Bell Riley, the anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic war horse of fundamentalism. Billy sounded all right then, and even up through the early 1950s when he was helping McCarthyism along with observations such as "over 1,100 social sounding organizations are Communist or Communist-operated in this country. They control the minds of a great segment of our people. . . ." He sounded all right to the fundamentalists when, to the joy of the industrialists who were moving into the South in a big way, he described the Garden of Eden as a place where there were "no union dues, no labor leaders, no snakes, no disease."

But anyone who lives by passing the plate among variegated cultures knows when to change, and that's Billy. These days he not only speaks to integrated crowds, he insists that they be integrated. These days he says pleasant things about the National Council of Churches, and cottons up to Cardinal Cushing.

If these actions disappointed most

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fundamentalists, they downright infuriated the Joneses. The Founder, who tempers his crustiness with a balanced sentence, says he once told Graham, "to be an evangelist, the Lord wants a man to have brains in his head, grace in his heart, and guts in his belly—and you don't have any of them." The Joneses take turns ridiculing Graham for all sorts of things, some illusionary, some real enough: he spends more money on advertising than Barnum & Bailey; his original revival in Los Angeles, the one that first won him national fame, would have failed but for the prompted "testimony" of gambling, horse-racing, movie star Stuart Hamblen; the head count of the "saved" at Graham's revivals is phony because he plants workers throughout the audience who go down, at a ratio of two to one, with the people who surrender to Christ.

When the Joneses started to oppose Graham, around 1955, "our own friends thought we had gone absolutely berserk," says Dr. Bob, III, but now many fundamentalists agree with the Jones position. Ask them for a formal stamp of shame, and they will call Graham "leader of the new evangelical movement." That may not sound especially damaging outside the Bible belt because those who take religion in a relaxed way may find it hard to understand just how violently critical of the "new" evangelicals the Joneses and their followers can be. With them it is a matter of e-ter-nal damnation and no fooling. After pointing out that communism, in its effort to conquer the world, is using the Russian army, the fifth column and collaborators, Dr. Bob, Jr., draws this analogy: "Satan in his war against God and his word uses three similar forces . . . Modernism, Neo-orthodoxy and the New Evangelicalism. Of these three, the last group is the most dangerous." That's what they think of Billy. And if these Goldwater supporters had any doubts about whether they might have been doing Graham an injustice, all misgivings were dispelled when they saw him praying over Johnson's inauguration. That old devil compromise had won again.

The last time I talked to Dr. Bob, III, he seemed troubled by the direction of some of my questions. "Please let me make it clear," he said, "that Bob Jones University is not a political partisan institution. We have both Democrats and Republicans on our faculty and represented in the student body. We believe in the old-fashioned, Christian Americanism which made this country great—those principles of freedom of thought and expression, of personal integrity, strength of character, freedom for all, pride of nation, et cetera. Because we believe strongly in these things, we desire to see them maintained, *but we do not play politics here at Bob Jones University.*"

BJU, which he says does not play politics and certainly not partisan politics, holds Americanism conferences now and then. At its last one, Arkansas ex-Rep. Dale Alford spoke on "States' rights"; Dr. Billy James Hargis spoke on "The President—Ignorant or Untruthful? The Facts on the Danger from Communist Infiltration"; Harry T. Everingham (president of We, the People) spoke on "The United Nations, Socialist Trap for American Freedom," and Dan Smoot spoke on "Liberalism." Earlier Americanism conferences were similarly oriented.

When Gov. George Wallace of Alabama was awarded his honorary doctorate from BJU, Dr. Bob, Jr., praised him as "a David warring against the giant, Tyranny. Men who have fought for truth and righteousness have always been slandered, maligned and misrepresented, but you, Mr. Governor, have demonstrated by your overwhelming victories that there is still in America love for freedom, hard common sense and at least some hope for the preservation of our constitutional liberties."

Early in 1963, Dr. Bob, Jr., wrote to every student at the college:

> *If the Peace Corps were in the hands of honest, able, and intelligent men and if the Administration were trustworthy and would not take the attitude that lying is a legitimate tool of government, the idea of the Peace Corps might be basically a good thing. However, unfortunately the situation is entirely different. The President's brother-in-law is the head of the Peace Corps, which has been made, in effect, a sort of personal army for the promotion of the Administration's impractical, unrealistic, and unsound philosophy. . . . In Latin America it is being used to work with Roman Catholic schools and organizations and is, therefore, promoting the worst kind of religious totalitarianism while politically it represents the most liberal point of view.**

Despite this seeming evidence to the contrary, Dr. Bob, III, is trying to tell the truth when he says the college does not play politics. If it does not *sound* like the truth, that is only because he illustrates in a very perfect manner what I said at the outset: in the Deep South—or wherever fundamentalists operate, for that matter—politics and religion are so closely entwined that sincere, honest fellows like the Joneses can play the devil out of politics and think they are just minding their Scriptural manners.

"Our graduates are not crusaders against social depravity and political injustice," says Dr. Bob, III, with what may seem strange candor. "They are warriors against sin, and the Scripture refers to the Christian life many times as a spiritual warfare. So our efforts are not primarily for the purpose of making a better world, but rather to spread the good news of salvation. . . . When we deal in social and political matters, we deal only where they have some bearing upon the work we are doing and upon the lives and interests of individual, born-again Christians."

Who can unscramble that kind of thinking? Shake the kaleidoscope of politics ever so slightly and it begins to look like a baptismal.

In a rather noted radio exhortation to the Negroes, The Founder once said:

> *You might be over there in the jungles of Africa today, unsaved. But you are here in America where you have your own schools and your own churches and your own liberties and your own rights, with certain restrictions that God Almighty put about you—restrictions that are in line with the Word of God.*

That is nonlanguage at its purest and most childlike: "*Your own* liberties and *your own* rights with certain restrictions." This is the logic

*When this letter came to the attention of Bill Moyers, then deputy director of the Peace Corps and now one of LBJ's top aides, his diplomatic poise slipped a bit. He responded in a letter to Dr. Bob, Jr., calling him an "uninformed, prejudiced, arrogant, self-righteous and immature character" who resorted to "trash." Dr. Bob, Jr., replied that it was "time some of you arrogant, highhanded, and radical bullies got it through your thick heads. . . ." and circulated copies of the exchange very widely. Nothing nourishes the reputation of a fundamentalist like a good fuss.

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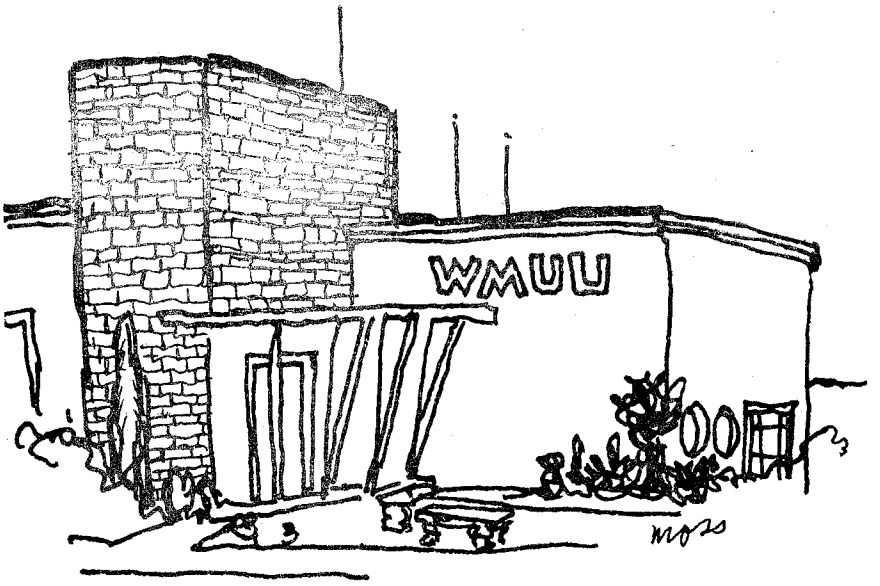
of nonlogic, and it puts an entirely different complexion on what, coming from one less committed, would sound like racism: "If you are against segregation and against racial separation, then you are against God Almighty because He made racial separation. . . . It is no accident that most of the Chinese live in China. It is not an accident that most Japanese live in Japan. . . ."

Using nonlanguage, the fundamentalists can sneak up on you pretty close before you know what they have in mind. Dr. Bob, III, started off on the subject of race:

I don't want you to . . . don't misconstrue this as an attack upon the Negro—it's not. We love the Negro people. Some of the finest Christians I've ever known were Negroes. In fact, they put me to shame. And I have looked at several Negro Christians and wished to God I could be as Christ-like as they are. And among Christian Negroes there is no strife between them and us—we are brothers in the Lord. I'm for the Negro being able to have rights, to be able to ride on the bus with the white man, to eat at a restaurant if he wants to, to have education in a state institution—he pays taxes like everybody else and he should have the privileges his tax money brings. I believe this and I'm all for it.

He seemed to be heading toward a modest pitch for integration, but I knew he wouldn't make it all the way. I remembered that panel in the Sistine Chapel showing God reaching across space to touch the finger of Adam, whose arm was outstretched as he slept, to wake him to life. The drama of the painting is in the participation of the spectator; the finger of God and the finger of Adam are only a little apart, but the imagination of the beholder must be the bridge; he wants it to happen, the movement of the painting is toward that touch, and so it *does* happen. This young man sitting across the desk from me, godlike in his certitude, was also stretching forth a finger to touch the Negro into a life of fellowship. But there was still the small gap, in this case requiring *his* imagination to effect the bridge, so I knew it would never happen. Fundamentalists have no imagination. Hearing them reciting the mysteries of Revelation, one is almost tempted to credit them with the imagination of a Blake, but this is foolishness. For people who insist on cramming 2,000 years of history and science



into the ark of the covenant, the height of creativity is to quote chapter and verse. He went on:

But now understand this. God's ways are not man's ways, see, and man in his condition can't see and will refuse to accept the judgment of God. Now, very frankly, and I don't think there is any way around it—and it's been the position of most conservative Bible scholars—that Ham and the Canaanites, the sons of his son Canaan, were cursed of God because of their indiscretion and sin and looking at their father naked when he was drunk after the flood and mocking him. God had blessed Ham, Seth and Japheth, the sons of Noah. He couldn't bless them and then turn around and curse them. His dealings with men are consistent and just, so he cursed one of the sons of Ham—Canaan—and he decreed that he would be a servant's servant.

That wording is in the Bible?

Yes sir. Servant's servant is in the Bible, 20th chapter of Genesis, I think. Until we have our redeemed, supernatural bodies in Heaven we're not going to be equal here, and there's no sense in trying to be. Here's what I say. The Negro—and I'm not . . . this is God's way and I'm not, it's not my own feeling—but a Negro is best when he serves at the table, when he does that, he's doing what he knows how to do best. And the Negroes who have ascended to positions in government, in education, this sort of thing, I think you'll find, by and large, have a strong strain of white blood in them. Now, I'm not a racist and this school is not a racist institution. *I can't stress that enough. But what I say is purely what I have been taught, and what I have been able to study is the teaching of the Scripture.*

The fact that today there are more Negroes than there are tables to be waited on does not alter the scriptural necessity of his being a servant's servant.

I turned the talk to the United Nations. Partisan or nonpartisan, the UN is a political topic, and I felt that it would give us a breather from religion.

But to young Jones, the UN is very much a doctrinal topic:

Another thing, we believe the Bible teaches, and Bible scholars for years have taught this—it's nothing new—that in the end of time there's going to be a heading up into a one-world federation. Then the god of this world, Satan, will have free rein in the lives and affairs of the people here. He's called the man of sin, he's called the beast, the anti-Christ—he's going to rise to power and take all nations of the world together.

This one-worldism, this collectivism of religion, of politics, of everything, of all nations, this ecumenical movement in religion is another thing pointing in that direction. I mean, it's unheard of in the history of religion that the Catholics, and the Protestants, and the Jews, and all the cults are getting together into one big church. I saw the other day in the paper where a Catholic ordained a Lutheran, I believe it was, and on that ordination committee was a Southern Baptist, there was a Holiness man, I believe a Church of Christ man was on it, a Presbyterian and Methodist were on it—it is hard to believe—it's inconceivable but it's happening through all denominations. The Southern Baptists for years have been the conservative religious big denomination in the country. But now, there are overtones of uniting with the Northern

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Baptists which I believe will come to pass in five to ten years at the most. Its amazing how fast these things are heading up. And it may be that the United Nations . . . whether it's the agency through which this anti-Christ would work or whether it's merely preparing the people, getting them used to the one-world concept, so that his take-over would be easier, is another matter. It may be a new expression of "brotherhood of man"—which we don't believe in; there's not a word about the universal fatherhood of God and universal brotherhood of man in the Bible—but it is all a part of the plan to get the people of the world together for the take-over of the anti-Christ. The Bible is very clear on that.

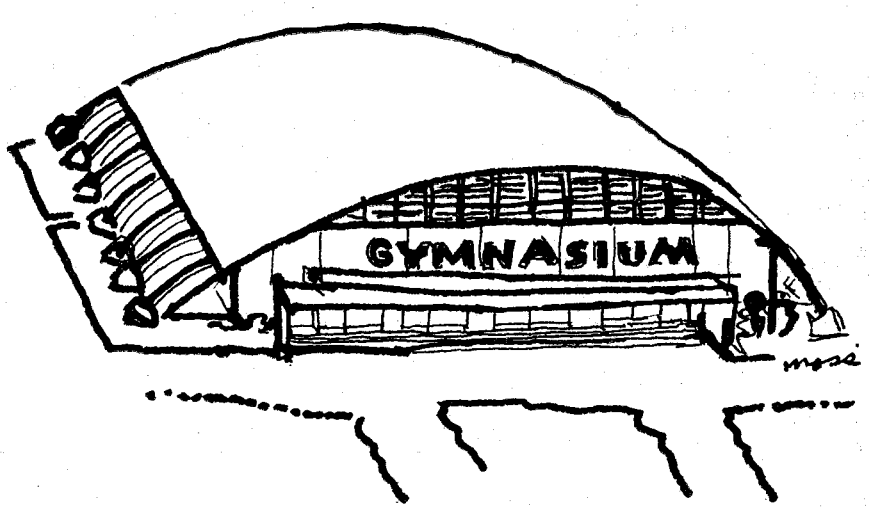
The trouble with liberals, he said, is that they think man is inherently good and can perfect the world, whereas actually men are inherently degenerate.

How widely is this doctrine preached in the pulpits of America? It is safe to say that at least half the churchgoers of the Deep South are subjected to it regularly, although in this region only a fraction of it is preached by BJU graduates. Just as the John Birch Society finds the Deep South one of its least fertile areas for recruitment, for the reason that groups see no reason to band together to push what the entire community has agreed on for years, so the BJU graduates by and large turn elsewhere to do their proselytizing.

The good BJU word is also passed along in a second wave, as it were. Pillsbury Conservative Baptist Bible College in Owatonna, Minn., is the fifth largest of its kind in the nation. Its president, Dr. Monroe Parker, has all three of his degrees from BJU and is a member of the BJU executive board of trustees. At least one-third of his faculty is from BJU. Dr. J.R. Faulkner, vice president of the Tennessee Temple Schools & Seminary, Chattanooga, is a graduate of BJU, as are a great number of the school's faculty. Dr. Tom Malone, founder and president of the Midwestern Baptist Seminary in Pontiac, Mich., is a BJU product; he preaches to about 2,000 parishioners every Sunday. Dr. Linton Johnson, president of Freewill Baptist Bible College, Nashville, is a BJU alumnus; as is Dean Pierre Guillermin of Southern Methodist Colleges in Orangeburg, S.C.

Dr. Dallas Billington, pastor of the Akron Baptist Temple, where nearly 10,000 show up every Sunday, holds an honorary Ph.D. from Bob Jones and is on the board of trustees; Dr. G. B. Vick, pastor of the Detroit Baptist Temple (9,000 a Sunday), frequently speaks to BJU chapels and attends the annual Bible conferences at the school; Dr. Lee Roberson, pastor of the Highland Park Baptist Church in Chattanooga (2,000 a Sunday), is a popular speaker at BJU and is sending his daughter to the Bob Jones Academy, a high school on the grounds. The school has many other friends, not tied to it by degrees or trusteeships, but strongly by philosophy. Among them are Rev. Al Janney, pastor of the New Testament Baptist Church, Miami, Fla., and Rev. Dr. W.A. Criswell, pastor of the largest Southern Baptist Church in the nation (Dallas, Tex., 18,500 members) and a close friend and spiritual adviser to H. L. Hunt. The Joneses call Criswell the best of Southern Baptists.

On and on and on goes the fellowship of—to use their own word—zealots, through the rich Farm Bureau strongholds where the pick-up trucks still carry fresh Goldwater bumper stickers, and into the lonely country-come-to-town industrial recesses of Christian America, where they are earning more and enjoying it less, or think they are, and want to kick Mammon in the arse for old time's sake.



Bainbridge, Ga., is a typical stronghold. This is the home town of Marvin Griffin, former governor, whose administration set records for corruption. Griffin did give Georgia one thing—a formula for taking care of integrationists: "Ain't but one thing to do and that is to cut down a blackjack sapling and brain 'em and nip 'em in the bud." Such sentiments alone, however, are not enough to make him stand out in Bainbridge.

One of Griffin's close friends is Rev. Dr. Charles Bishop, pastor of a large Bainbridge Baptist church and a graduate of whom BJU boasts. He is a member of his alma mater's executive committee, having equal vote with the Joneses in the general policy-making of the college. A very dapper 42-year-old Mississippi native, the Reverend Bishop was Georgia Senate chaplain under both Griffin and young Talmadge. He graduated from Bob Jones University in 1945 and came to Bainbridge the next year. His church has grown from a membership of 100 that first year to its present 1,150 members. It owns a city block.

Since his church life is separate from the college itself, one may fairly use the Reverend Bishop as a measure of what the more influential BJU graduates hope to do as propagandists in the world. He told me without any show of defensiveness: "I have no hesitation in giving my political views from the pulpit if they are backed up by the Bible.

"For instance, there is plenty of good Biblical support for segregation. In the 13th chapter of Nehemiah, starting at, I believe, the 23rd verse, it tells how the people of Israel were intermarried with the children of Ashdod, and how Nehemiah cursed them. We believe Nehemiah was a spokesman for God in this cursing. Intermarriage like that is bad, whether it is between the children of Israel and the children of Ashdod, or between blacks and whites."

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A nucleus of conservative businessmen in Bainbridge sponsors speakers from outside; the Reverend Bishop often handles the billing. In recent weeks they have had Lester Maddox, the ~~frenzied~~ ex-proprietor of the Pickrick Restaurant in Atlanta, and Rev. Kenneth Goff, a professional ex-Communist ~~anti-Semite~~. Gov. George Wallace has promised to come.

Yes sir, I tell my congregation when these men are coming to town and ask them to attend. And I quote from their speeches in my sermons.

These are bad days. I watched the Presidential inauguration on television. There was a 300-foot bar with fifty bartenders. I couldn't believe it. Just before that, I saw Billy Graham talking. One preacher and fifty bartenders, that's the ratio of this Administration.

There's good reason to mix religion and politics. I think if you would go back and read history starting with Reconstruction, you would find every major political development in the South had a strong religious motive. We have found that fundamentalist Christians and conservative politicians have a lot in common. Without the fundamentalist Christians behind him, Goldwater would never have carried the Southern states he did carry. In my church, we gave out thousands of copies of A Texan Looks at Lyndon.

There are eight Bob Jones University ministers in southwest Georgia who have large churches. The Reverend Bishop continued:

We didn't endorse any political candidate. We just gave out the truth. We felt if we could do that, our people would vote conservative. We didn't get into politics exactly. We talked more about government responsibility and that sort of thing. Like the wheat shipments to Russia. God never told people in the Old Testament to go in and feed people who were against Him. The Russians are atheists. The Communist astronaut said he did not see God up there.

We also try to teach our people—yes, from the pulpit if necessary—about the Communist slave countries. We mention specific items that come in from those countries. We find out the brand names they go under. We got the City Council to pass a law saying you've got to put up a sign if you sell those items and get a special license. Most of the merchants agreed not to carry the goods.

The Reverend Bishop has been telling the people of southwest Georgia how to save their political souls on daily radio broadcasts for nineteen years. Five other like-minded ministers, in as many different towns of southwest Georgia and north Florida, also take part in the radio assault. Together they blanket several hundred square miles.

Sometimes the Reverend Bishop "takes over" the radio station. Five months ago, warming up for the Presidential election, he called the station manager and suggested that instead of buying spot space now and then through the day, why not let him buy the entire day and see if he couldn't get somebody to pay for it later? The manager agreed, and the Reverend Bishop let fly: with tapes of Governor Wallace, tapes of Carl McIntire, of Dr. Bob Jones and Dr. Bob Jones, Jr., Dan Smoot and allies. All day. And Bainbridge citizens paid for it, just as he suspected they would. He pulled the same thing later at the radio station in Albany, Ga.

For those who have the Bob Jones outlook on life, the satisfaction of the 1964 Presidential election—perhaps it can even be said, the victory of it—was in losing, as it was in those years when they went Dixiecrat. They knew that the route they were taking could lead nowhere but to certain defeat. For the Southerner, joy is still to be found in lost-cause rebellion just for its own sake, but the quest for political defeat also springs from a desire for spiritual justification. He who would find his life must lose it, yes, that too, but there is also the old notion of the elect, set apart not by love but by suffering.

"There would be something wrong with our testimony and our outrage if all people thought well of us," said Dr. Bob Jones, III. "We don't ask the ungodly to think well of us. We don't ask the church people to think well of us who know nothing of a personal relationship with Christ. It doesn't bother us when they criticize us."

When the lying columnists, when the National Council of Churches sit in the seat of the scorners—the politically victorious scorners—it's all right; for as this fresh-faced young zealot says, almost kindly: "We can be certain that those religious systems that do carry political force and are accepted by the world in general are not of God but of the devil and are being used by Satan to draw sincere and seeking men away from the truth of the Word of God."

ARCTIC MANEUVERS

The Gimmicks of War . . . . . Robert J. Reguly

Toronto

When the joint U.S.-Canadian "Exercise Polar Strike" was held in Alaska last month, 14,000 troops and scores of aircraft ranged over 8,000 square miles of formidable terrain in mock Arctic war. The largest military exercise ever held in Alaska, "Polar Strike" assayed nuclear strategy and ball-point pens, helicopter assault techniques, snowshoe designs—and the durability of the human nervous system.

Most branches of the army got into the "scenario"—as the script for the exercise was officially called—including a band of dedicated military policemen, who set up a model POW camp next door to Big Delta airfield and there displayed their specialty: making "prisoners" blab. They have spent five years developing tongue-loosening tricks and hope to see them adopted as the army standard. The airfield, which serves Fort Greely, 105 miles southeast of Fairbanks, was the hand-over point for lend-lease warplanes to Soviet fliers in World War II. The MPs seemed eager for the Russians to return today with hostile intent.

The Geneva Convention govern-

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ing treatment of POWs bans physical torture, but it was drafted long before psychological warfare became a specialized, and integral, military art. On the theory that what is not expressly forbidden is allowed, prisoners are kept sleepless, fed repulsively dyed food, bombarded with psyche-shattering "harassing music." POWs would get this treatment if they insisted on their right to give only their name, rank and serial number. But they don't have to face the music if they "sing." Because the camp being tested is a field processing unit, prisoners in wartime would be kept only a few days before being sent to the rear. Intelligence has to make the most of this short time to get information fast on enemy plans and troop movements.

The young major overseeing the huddle of conical tents proudly displayed the standard prisoner's meal: mashed potatoes, gravy, two slices of bread and a dollop of big beans. He noted that the convention stipulates that prisoners must be fed 2,100 calories a day, and that's what they get. However, the potatoes are dyed green, the gravy yellow, the bread a violent blue, and the beans mottled in various shades of dung brown.

Taped music is fed into loudspeakers that focus on the detention tents. Samples: A soulful Russian folk song by a 100-voice girl chorus disintegrates into an andante cacophony mingled with caterwauling; Khatchaturian's *Sable Dance* is shattered by the sounds of a baby's tantrum, dogs howling, jet fighters coming through the window.

Every hour, day and night, bells drag the prisoners out into the cold for a head count. The POWs cut their own firewood to feed their stoves. If they're uncooperative, they get no wood. If they try to escape, their boots are taken away, and they must then wear their mittens on their feet.

During the two-week maneuvers, the MPs gave their treatment impartially to "prisoners" from both the "Friendly" and the "Aggressor" forces. The major, whose normal duty is with the culprit compound at Fort Wainwright near Fairbanks, said in testimonial to his skill that once through the mill is enough. After twenty-four hours in the camp, a prisoner is glad to return to his unit, even though that means eating cold rations and bivouacking at 40 below.

The camp is unabashedly a training dry run for possible future Russian POWs. The three intelligence officers who interrogated captured soldiers spoke fluent Russian. It was cozy and warm inside their plywood-lined tent. If prisoners talked, they kept nice and warm. At the camp, prisoners are stripped naked and every fold of their clothing searched for tiny saws, stilettos or cigarettes. "You should see some of the stuff our men smuggle into the prison back at Wainwright," the major said. "Some of them manage to bring in an entire pack of cigarettes, one by one around the seams."

To get their clothing back, the prisoners are made to sign a receipt in triplicate. Here they run into another gimmick of war penology. Hidden beneath the three copies is a fourth, blank, carboned sheet which they also sign. It can be filled in later with any sort of "confession" and then used as a form of blackmail to encourage tattling.

During the exercise, if a prisoner "broke" under the treatment, his regular commander was notified and he was slated for further training against brainwashing. (In war, he would be court-martialed if he ever got back to his unit.) The U. S. Army devised these techniques as part of its hindsight look at the Korean War, when many American soldiers were brainwashed into broadcasting the Communist line. Some details of the new training, the major said, are copied from the Chinese Communists, notably "The Box"— a cube in which a man cannot sit up or lie down.

The interrogators are specially trained to winkle out commissars. The major recalled that in Korea the Chinese sacrified an entire artillery unit just to get one political activist into the POW main camp, where he incited a series of bloody riots.

In the exercise, leaflets inviting surrender were dropped by airplanes on the maneuvering troops, and in another attempt at verisimilitude, a dulcet-voiced siren named "Tammi" broadcast moist appeals on short wave to give up and get warm.

"Polar Strike" pitted 3,800 "Aggressor" troops, including 650 Canadians, against 4,300 "Friendlies," most of them flown from the "South 48," as the continental United States is called in Alaska. The remaining 6,000 involved in the exercise were support detachments.

The "Aggressors," composed largely of units stationed in Alaska, were

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supplied entirely by air. Big-bellied Hercules transports made shuddering short-run, quick-stop "assault landings" on small airfields or on lake ice. Alaska has 338 airfields but only ten of them have strips more than 8,000 feet long. The "Friendlies" were supplied by road and consequently had heavier motorized equipment.

But from the start, the Aggressors didn't have a snowball's chance. It would be unacceptable politically, even in pretend war, for them to win, said a USAF press briefing officer.

Nowhere did the exercise scenario reveal who the mythical oppressors might be supposed to represent, but they were the same bunch, it was said, that recently gave "large amounts of Red aid to Indonesia and the United Arab Republic."

According to the "scenario," war had been declared but there was a nuclear standoff. The enemy, slavering to get at Alaska's huge resources of niobium, a heat-resistant metal used in Mach 3 aircraft, had invaded through the Aleutians. Luckily for the good guys, an enemy officer from a cartographic-topographic company defected and brought with him terrain maps of the area to be invaded.

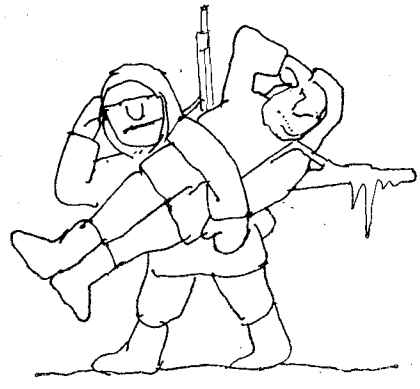
So the Friendlies, knowing where to go, roared out to repulse the invaders and . . . enough of the plot; it was all just an excuse to get the troops out into the cold and scrub trees and 4,000-foot hills.

It was also a test of aerial resupply and to see how fast reinforcements could be airlifted from the continental U. S.

Supersonic Starfighters screamed over and sprayed a mile-long swath with tear gas, forcing soldiers to don gas masks, a long-neglected and often abandoned item of equipment. An NBC (nuclear, bacteriological, chemical) warfare officer, watching a helicopter assault landing, allowed that tear gas is old stuff in his game. He would have preferred weakened germs — just enough to make them nauseated for a short time — or psychomotor drugs that induce paralysis. Unhappily, such "incapacitators" are not available for exercises.

"Pretend" nuclear warheads were rocketed or air-dropped. (Somewhere along the line there had been an escalation.) Umpires decided where they landed and what would have been the probable effects. Each field commander had at his disposal a limited supply—in megatons—of strategic nuclear weapons. He had to decide when to use his sparse hoard to best advantage. One slim consolation emerged. In the umpire tables, a fixed percentage of "nuke" warheads were duds. The percentage, and whether it was based on experience with the real thing, was secret.

The exercise was semi-controlled. That meant that if a commander showed undue initiative and outran



the script timetable, he would be hampered by restrictions on his fuel or ammunition supplies. To add further realism to the war games, one army public information officer seriously suggested that censorship be imposed on press dispatches. Nobody took him seriously.

One big lesson learned from the exercise was that it's hard to keep a big force hidden in the Arctic. Fighter pilots gloated that exhaust from vehicles, rising like a milky cloud in the cold air, was a dead giveaway. But another northern weather phenomenon, ice fog, often kept planes grounded. Ice fog usually occurs at below –20 temperatures in calm winds when there is moisture in the air, and is caused mainly by engine combustion. Because of the extreme cold, engines have to be run almost continuously to keep them from freezing. What is needed is an exhaust-suppression device.

The exercise area was in the coldest part of Alaska. Fort Greely is the home of the Northern Warfare Training Center and the Arctic Test Center. It has a "Ye Olde Nuclear Power Plant" (that's what the sign outside says) to supply electricity and steam heat to the 2,000 people on the base, which supports a Masonic lodge and pet cemetery. It also has a real "panic putton." That's for pushing should the reactor go haywire. It drops rods into the crucible-enclosed pile to simmer down runaway atoms, and announces "condition scram"—which means run far away fast.

Temperatures during the exercise plunged to 42 below with 20-mile winds. That's enough to cause frostbite in one minute's exposure. However, cases were few. If a soldier gets frostbite, it's assumed he was careless and he's subject to disciplinary action.

A four-man army "cold control" team—two psychologists and two physicians—dashed about to interview every man felled by a cold injury. The team was making a pilot study to try to confirm a theory that fear and worry cause hypothermia (general body cooling) and make troops more liable to frostbite.

Cold-weather research in Alaska is spurred by a World War II statistic: 2 million cold injuries to all armies, 92,000 among U. S. combatants. The research has a soothing report for the flabby northern suburbanite: there is no correlation between physical fitness and cold tolerance.

Also, there is no such thing as a *person* becoming acclimatized to cold. A northerner just learns how to dress for and handle the cold better. And, most important, he gets over the fear of living in a frigid clime. But racially, over the eons, acclimatization has occurred. Negroes, researchers report, are six times as susceptible to cold as Caucasians. The reason: Negroes, statistically, tend toward a long, lean body type with long arms and legs, big hands and feet, and less fat under the skin. The best cold-resistant body type is that of the Eskimo: long, tubby torso, short arms and legs. Heat loss is through the extremities and the shorter they are the better.

In severe cold, Eskimos and northern Indians decrease their central body (core) temperature and shunt heat to their extremities. The white man's body does the reverse, keeps the belly warm at the expense of the hands and feet.

Eskimos, at least Alaskan Eskimos, don't beat the cold by gorging on blubber as cartoonists would have us believe. They eat the same amount of fats as whites do, less

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carbohydrates but much more protein. Their metabolism burns up oxygen at a considerably higher rate than does white people's. About 300 Eskimo National Guardsmen were used in the exercise as behind-the-lines guerrillas.

In daily press briefings ("Please don't tell the Aggressors what they're supposed to do tomorrow") PIOs stressed the dependency of Alaska on the military. Of Alaska's 250,000 population, 80,000 are military personnel. About half the entire population is made up of federal employees and their dependents. The military has $2 billion invested in Alaskan installations. Another $290 million is poured in annually. This includes $126.5 million in payroll.

Canadian General John "Rocky" Rockingham was somewhat bewildered by the terminology and acronyms used by the American military. "A big thing in participating in these joint exercises is learning the jargon the Americans have," he said. The Canadian troops envied the Americans' motorized equipment but pretended they were more mobile because they lacked it in such quantity and quality.

The U. S. is pressing the Canadian army to take a more active role in northern defense, but the meager Canadian army (it has fewer troops than the United States maintains at Fort Benning alone) is resisting the blandishments. Until a few years ago, the Canadian army's main home role was to maintain parachute battalions to win back the DEW radar line from Russian troops. It was presumed that Russia would attempt to grab the DEW line in the first attack wave of World War II, but that notion faded with the perfection of ICBMs. Now the Canadian Army is geared to United Nations peace-keeping duties.

As the Canadians and "continentals" flew home, they were told that "Polar Strike" was a success. The "Aggressors" were defeated. Some of the participating troops, who may be posted to Vietnam, may be surprised to know they received good training for that tropical field in Alaska. A PIO major insisted Alaska is ideal training country for jungle warfare. "It's a lot like Vietnam," he said, "because with all the swamps and trees, it's tough country to get through."

However, the exercise did achieve one breakthrough. It was found that the best pen for writing in cold weather was a 49-center—made in Japan.

TV Kidnaps Sports . . . . . Jack R. Griffin

It has always been the same when the March winds start blowing baseball through spring training and into the trials of the long, hot summer. From out of the camps come the same old stories: the rookies who bloom and fade, the sore elbows, the injured knees, the recalcitrants who insist they are worth more money. If it is a rut, it has been a pleasant one, as old as baseball itself, and few are the fans who would change it.

But this year as the warriors in knickerbockers marched off to the sunshine of Florida and Arizona, a shadow fell across baseball—indeed, across all sports. Never before in its history has professional athletics enjoyed the prosperity that came its way after it was exposed to the wealth of television, but at the same time it probably never has faced such a threat to its own existence.

Television has not yet completely taken over sports—although it is calling the rules for some of them—but already it has left deep scars, and the concern has become so great that a Senate committee recently took a brief look at the intertwining of sports and national television. Last spring, Thomas W. Moore, president of the American Broadcasting Co., proposed that the two major baseball leagues trim their 162-game schedule to sixty games, and play these only on weekends, this drastic tampering with the national pastime being in the interests of a tidier package for national television. If some laughed at Moore last year, none does now. Since then three national television networks have spent more than $87 million to buy their way into professional baseball and football.

Columbia Broadcasting System owns outright the richest franchise in baseball, the New York Yankees. The National Broadcasting Co. snatched the American Football League from bankruptcy with a $36 million contract. In retaliation, C.B.S. poured $28 million into the competing National Football League for two years of television rights. The drama of teams or leagues competing for athletic supremacy has developed into a war between television networks for the best program package, and there seems to be no end to the money that can be spent, or the rules that may be changed.

Last year C.B.S. was able to present a continuity of weekend baseball programing by using some of the other teams when the Yankees were not available. But when A.B.C. signed eighteen ball clubs, the first national TV contract with baseball, to a $12 million deal for a Saturday spectacular through the summer, that left C.B.S. with twenty-six open dates on its weekends of summer sports programing. C.B.S. promptly came back with two tournaments of its own creation, pro tennis and bowling, to go with its New York ball club.

But that is only a small part of network in-fighting to buy up sports. Last year, N.B.C. took the AFL games and the Orange Bowl away from A.B.C. A.B.C. went out and pried the Liberty Bowl away from N.B.C. and then the Gator and Bluebonnet bowls from C.B.S. Nor is that the end. C.B.S. has asked the National Collegiate Athletic Association for permission to create its own private bowl game, tailored to television's best image. All three networks have admitted they are willing, and able, to buy almost any baseball or football franchise in sight.

Actually, television has been working its way into the world of sports for many years, beginning with boxing which it helped to slug almost to death. No sport has been

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too esoteric. The TV cameras have brought to the public jai-alai, gymnastics, curling, polo, rodeos, roller derbies, billiards, the Olympics, Davis Cup tennis. It has built up its own private golf and bowling tournaments, often under rules created solely for television.

But its prize package in the last few years has been football, and it is here that the spending has been the most lavish and the competition the most savage. If the sports world was shaken by the C.B.S. purchase of the Yankees (for $11,200,000), it was stunned by what was to follow soon in the world of professional football. Last year C.B.S. announced that it had paid $28 million to the NFL for the right to telecast the league games for two years, this being the richest contract ever made between television and sports. Five days later, N.B.C. dropped the other shoe: it had signed up the struggling AFL for $36 million for five years. Professional football has always prided itself on being the one sport able to control television, shaping it to benefit the sport and not the sponsor. With its 75-mile blackout rule on home games, the NFL had managed to keep its stadia full of live, paying spectators and still skim off the rich cream of the television money. Never had attendances been higher, never had franchises been more valuable. But now some begin to wonder if football may not have sold itself into a world it no longer can control.

Television has a long history of tampering with the operation of every sport into which it pours big money. It made matinee idols out of lollipops in the boxing world, and in the process boxing almost died. It is coming to life again in spite of television, and without it.

At one time, the television schedule was glutted with five boxing shows a week. Eventually, this was winnowed down to two, but even so the pressures of providing talent were tremendous. Television had little time for the small fight club, which is the training ground of boxing. It had to have formidable fighters every week, twice a week. It developed such paper tigers as Chuck Davey, Chico Vejar, Irish Bob Murphy, with the accent on dramatic appeal and not on talent in the ring.

With its sources dried up at the small club, boxing began to decline and was kept alive only by the plasma of television money. And then one day, boxing had no more viewer attraction, no more sponsor appeal. Its fans were gone, its revenue cut off.

Because television depends on continuity of suspense to entice and hold its viewers, it has insisted upon changes in the basic rules of a sport. Only recently, the United States Golf Association, without even the courtesy of polling its members, bent to the pressures of television and threw out tradition in two of its older tournaments. The National Open Championship, whose 36-hole ordeal on the final day of play has made it one of the most challenging, thrilling competitions in all sports, was cut up into four neat little packages of 18 holes a day. The National Amateur, last match-play tournament of any consequence, was turned into four 18-hole rounds of medal, or stroke, play. The reason is obvious, although the USGA never mentioned it. In the title round of match competition, only two men remain in the game. Cameras generally are set up on the last 4 holes. It is possible in match play that the two players will never reach the first TV lens. It was a risk television couldn't take, and golf bent to its pleasures for the sake of a couple of fat paydays.

One of bowling's better tournaments, the National All-Star, was completely rewritten to please television and its sponsors. In the past, the championship was decided by fifteen rounds of preliminary play, followed by a three-game match between the two leaders, the title going to the man with the most pins from both series. There was no assurance that the margin between the two finalists would not be so great that the last three rounds would be little more than a formality. That was too messy a package for television. Now the two leaders still compete, but under the TV rules the scores of the first fifteen rounds are erased, and only the pins in the final televised rounds count for the title. Last year, it created a tarnished championship. Tom Tuttle had such a lead that he would have had to break both legs to lose

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under the old rules. But Bob Strampe outshot him in the final three rounds and was the TV champion.

Drawing from this pattern of the past, observers are beginning to wonder if television will not stick its powerful thumb into the rules of professional football. Actually, despite football's boast of autonomy, and even before the new riches from television, the NFL was knuckling under, changing little pieces of its pattern to fit into the 20-inch screen. A minimum of two extra time outs have been added to all televised pro games to insure that television will be able to get in all its commercial announcements. These "intermissions" are not called by a game official or a team captain; they are signaled by a television producer, and they are obeyed. The time between halves has been cut from twenty to fifteen minutes, so that television can fit the program into two and a half hours. Even the schedule has been changed slightly. The Chicago Bears and the Green Bay Packers, the great traditional rivals of the NFL, rearranged their schedule last season to play on Saturday in Chicago. Not for the fans, but for television. To be sure, these are minor demands. But television has never shown that it knows when to quit. It just goes on dictating sites and dates and conditions and rules.

Last season offered a glimpse of the future of college bowl football, or even of all sports, if television doesn't tire of the product in the years ahead. The Liberty Bowl last year was staged indoors, in the mammoth Convention Hall of Atlantic City, before a handful of live witnesses and a national television audience. This has always been television's pattern with sports, and must be if it is to market its product. It cannot concern itself with the gate-paying spectator, who has kept sports alive all these years, but only with those who sit in front of its TV screens.

To a degree, baseball has felt this blight, in the minor leagues at least. The small-town baseball team, the school for the major league baseball player, has almost disappeared. In 1949, the year before television came into its own, there were 448 minor league teams in fifty-nine leagues, drawing about 42 million spectators. Last year, there were only 130 teams in eighteen leagues and they eked out an attendance of about 10 million. Although modes of living have changed and distances are shorter, the truth is that people don't show up at the small-town park because they can see major league baseball on television.

Baseball has been a cumbersome package for national television. It runs through a long season, and only a few games along the way are sufficiently crucial to draw a large national audience. The time factor is also awkward. For TV, the ideal duration of a game is two and a half hours (football fits this format almost to the minute), but there is no assurance that baseball can squeeze into this. Usually, three hours are allotted to a baseball telecast, but a game can end in two hours, leaving the announcer to talk to himself, or it can stretch out into an extra-inning, four-hour operation that cuts into valuable time slots reserved for other programs.

Now television has a spokesman on the board of directors of baseball, a voting member in C.B.S. The owners of the Yankees have insisted that they will not try to influence the rest of the league to change the rules. But even as they said that before a Senate committee, the other two networks were admitting they'd buy a ball club if they could get one. If you get three voting members on the board, that's a strong hand to buck.

Even before C.B.S. bought the Yankees, there was a strong tie between baseball and television, with many of baseball's executives also engaged in TV operations. Joseph S. W. Iglehart, chairman of the board of the Baltimore Orioles, was a stockholder and former director of C.B.S. Lee McPhail, the Orioles' president, has a brother, William, who is vice president in charge of sports for C.B.S. Gene Autry, chairman of the Los Angeles Angels, owns two television stations and with the team president, Robert Reynolds, controls the majority stock in a company that owns four more. John E. Fetzer, the Detroit Tiger owner, has three stations in his home state of Michigan and two in Nebraska. Roy Hofheinz, president of the Houston Astros, owns 16 per cent of a television station in that Texas city. It was Hofheinz, by the way, who not long ago asserted, "N.B.C. has a deal cooking to buy an American Football League team and you can look for A.B.C. to go into the sports field, probably in both baseball and football." He's in a position to know.

The rush of national television into the professional sports world is simply explained. It's big money. Sports are one of the hottest items on the television market, with sponsors standing in line, begging to be allowed to spend their money. Last season, for example, commercial time on NFL games—regular season, not championship—sold for as much as $75,000 a minute, with no lack of takers.

It would be a mistake to lay all the blame or concern for the future on television. After all, it is in the business of buying and selling entertainment. If it treats sports as callously as it does a situation comedy, digests athletes as rapidly as stand up comedians, casts aside a game as readily as it would any flopping show, it is because this is the only way television knows how to survive.

Among the other culprits are those in the sports itself, the promoters, the owners, even the individual athletes. Practically no major sport today would try to exist without the financial props of television. Baseball and football probably could not survive without it. It has produced riches beyond the dreams of any sports promoter or owner. It has made young athletes independently wealthy, sometimes before they even report to the team. Joe Namath of Alabama, for example, dragged down a $400,000 contract with New York's football Jets, and John Huarte of Notre Dame came right behind him with a $200,000 deal with the same team. A couple of years ago, $600,000 would have been almost enough to buy an entire team in the AFL. It is a rich era for sports, perhaps the richest in its history. But it might well take a lesson from boxing which learned the hard way how television works. Even its enormous investments in sports represents today only a small fraction of television's total wealth. If sports lose their drawing power, the decline wouldn't hurt television at all, but it could leave some sports fractured almost beyond repair.

And as a final note of warning: last season, the ratings dropped 6 to 12 per cent (depending on the service) on nationally televised football games.

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The Mandate of Heaven

Philip Morrison

Unevenness is inseparable from change; it was Lenin himself, quencher and founder of nations, who saw this as an immutable law. One land is thrust forward, while another remains slothful and retarded. The conclusion is even broader: in no systems as complex as mortal institutions will the rise of the new be evenly present. It will burst out here, and there lag. Some woke from reed huts to hoe the new-given Nile silt, while their fellows dragged huge limestone blocks to heap up before Pharaoh those ritual piles which still astonish the eye. The glistening rockets drink their drafts of liquid fire until they can pierce the very heavens, while the tenants shiver in the chill tenement. The dilemma is plain, ancient, ugly.

Yet it remains a fact, demanding not mere rejection but understanding. Until all resources of men abound, the new must in part be paid for out of the neglect of the unfulfilled. To stifle the new because the land lacks justice is to end not in magnanimity but in wretchedness. Therefore I cannot accept as final the eloquent indictment which charges with inhumanity those who spend talent and treasure on space. Of course there are priorities in our land far ahead of NASA. The race to shuffle over the dusty moon, incautiously entered in our names by President Kennedy, is wasteful. But the claim of each act we carry out in common must rest on its merit, and not on the general thesis that no rich, strange, useless thing can justly be bought while some men lack necessities. For in such a theory will lie in the end only the even justice of universal impoverishment. Those who built on the Acropolis forgot the helots; those who sailed to the Indies thought nothing of the landless Spanish peasant. One may oppose or ignore the entry into space, but it cannot be dismissed out of hand. Grand or tawdry, it is our voyage to the Indies and our Passage. Like them it rests next to the sword, whence it gained its first strength.

Philip Morrison is professor of physics at Cornell University. From 1944 to 1946, he was physicist and group leader at Los Alamos.

Planets for Man. By Stephen H. Dole and Isaac Asimov. Random House. 242 pp. $4.95.

We Are Not Alone. By Walter Sullivan. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 325 pp. $6.95.

Of Stars and Men. By Harlow Shapley. Illustrated by Richard Barrett. Beacon Press. 134 pp. $12.

Islands in Space. By Dandridge M. Cole and Donald W. Cox. Chilton Books. 276 pp. $6.95.

The Twins of Space. By Ralph O. Shankle. J. B. Lippincott Co. 223 pp. $4.95.

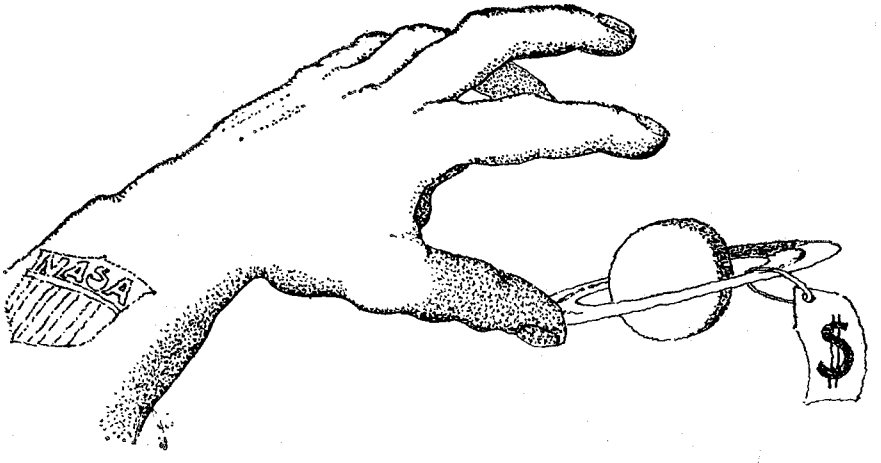
Space: Its Impact on Man and Society. Edited by Lillian Levy. W. W. Norton & Co. 228 pp. $4.50.

The six recent books reviewed here sample some half-year's output of books on space meant for general readers. Disparate and faulted as they are, these works can illuminate how we live now and what we will become. Above all, what is unexpected is their unity. They draw it from the soil of our society, where these crops are nurtured. The brittleness and the withdrawal, the pretense and the power, are reflected here like the keen, cheerful face of astronaut Glenn who hoped to win a seat in the Senate from an aging and able opponent, but fell on the bathroom floor, as if to make real some poster campaign, and became instead vice president of a cola bottler.

In the Mississippi Delta, not far from Plaquemines Parish and the plantations, NASA has become the major industry, soon to reconstruct the countryside with federal funds. Two authors (Cole and Cox in *Islands in Space*) quite seriously urge as a major step toward *disarmament* the capture of a tiny planet, fitting it with such explosive propulsion that it can be hurled in time of need out of orbit, to fall to earth in the target country—second strike, of course—to shock a continent with earthquakes from its 20-mile crater!

But all the fruit is not bitter and barren. In three or four of these books there is a theme so grand as perhaps to mark our time forever.

In the northern sky most people can pick out the lazy approximation of a W, the rather faint pattern of stars which we call the constellation Cassiopeia. If we revolved not around our sun but around the closest of our stellar neighbors, the bright southern star Alpha Centauri, the heavens would look almost the same. Most of the stars of our constellations are so far away that the changed viewpoint would cause only a minor shifting. One change would be worth noting: to the constellation Cassiopeia would be added one new star, a brightish one terminating the W. That new final star would be our present sun! Thus do Asimov and Dole (*Planets for Man*) make plain the essence of Copernicus. Our sun is only a star among the hundred billion of the Milky Way. The ferment of life which coats our planet is almost insensible to such stellar distances, but if the sun is a star—and we cannot doubt it—are not the stars suns? Three of these books take up this theme. The most useful is Walter



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Sullivan's *We Are Not Alone*. Complete, meaty, anecdotal, up to date, Mr. Sullivan's book sweeps up all the data and all the discussion into an invincibly pat heap. Mr. Sullivan unfailingly understands what he is writing, and anyone will learn from and enjoy the book.

Asimov and Dole have written a more technical, more unified, less wide-ranging treatment of the nearby stars as homes for life, completing their well-argued estimate of the Galaxy as the site of half a billion solar systems; one in twenty they estimate nourishes some form of life. Sullivan quite properly emphasizes *communications* (rather than travelers) with other solar systems, which would be sites of civilizations far older than ours, if any still persist; Dole and Asimov neglect this issue as they single-mindedly (Air Force-mindedly) pursue space *travel*.

Professor Shapley's book is a reissue of a very successful short work of a few years back. In his winning, lively, poetic way, he does the best job of writing to be found in all these pages. He projects didactically but never insistently, a complete system of the universe in which populous galaxies come to seem a matter of course, as right as rain. This edition is worth special note because it is handsome, intended to be beautiful. The spacious format and the agreeable and witty marginal drawings in color are often successful. (The other books listed range from ugly to indifferent in physical appearance.)

If in our own Galaxy (the Milky Way stretching at night above the dark sea) there are nearly half a billion sun-warmed systems, how many earth-like planets are there? On how many of those has life stirred? On how many has evolution spun complex forms? How many species have modified their environment to seek a livelihood? How many have come so far that they have mastered the electrons to build radio, or some analogue of such subtle structures? Have they used their powers to learn of one another? It is hard to accept that each center remains isolated forever in space until it dies out or loses concern. Indeed, the first two questions are fairly well answerable by present knowledge; answers to the others are limited by biology, or by the absence of a theory of the evolution of what we call intelligence—define it quite objectively as ability to span space—and in the end by our ignorance of a theory of history. For the chief unknown in all these conjectures is the lifetime of a communicative culture. To coincide in space and in time with our distant, unknown peers is not to be expected in the calculus of chance. On the time scale of planets we span only a second's tick from the Olduvai Gorge. Those planets out there are either behind us, without a recent geologic period at all, or far ahead of us, with our geologic ages of history behind them, having experienced what we would give much to know. Is there a galactic network whose channels carry the best of a million ancient cultures? Perhaps their anthropologists seek us out by use of some simple beam which one day we shall pick up, enabling us to join a galactic community which has long known our star as a likely furnace which would nurture life. These issues are discussed philosophically by Shapley, in the style of scientific conjecture by Sullivan, and with an emphasis on the probability estimates by Asimov and Dole. There is still no data, only hope and inference, mortal opinions. But it is difficult for me to doubt that they are out there. Or else we are in truth a miracle, and God's footstool our home. Such matters are far from NASA, Congress, cola, and civil rights. Yet men may act on them (build radio dishes, seek knowledge of the lowly mosses of Mars which would demonstrate that life is not a miracle but a statistic) only with the tools of the epoch.

The two remaining books are more earth-bound. Cole and Cox (*Islands in Space*) are dominated by sharp purpose, indeed, an obsession. They discuss the minor planets, the orbiting mountains and micromoons which fly in the solar system as the relics of an unformed planet. They want to visit them—easier than anything else past the moon—and in the end to colonize them. Serious, half informed, contentious, and not very believable, they are critical of science, from the practical man's side, dismissing relativity on somewhat ignorant grounds. The tone of their book is polemic, but it contains some intelligent if crotchety work. Sixty pages of a table of numbers is an appendix, giving the coordinates which describe the known minor planets, some 1,600 of them. They are named by convention after the feminine figures of classical myth. (The names gave out, and you can now look for Vassar, Komsomolskaya and Descamisada in the sky!)

Ralph Shankle's *The Twins of Space* and Lillian Levy's *Space: Its Impact on Man and Society*, both owe a debt to NASA public relations in one way or another. The former book is the press kit for the coming two-man Gemini flights into orbit and their rendezvous in space. Like all great spectator sports, the players are important. The cast of astronauts, all three platoons, are here, with the full familiar display of simulators and medical dicta and aircraft jargon. The Mercury experience is very fully recapitulated, message by message. Mr. Shankle's book is exactly like a clipping bureau report issued ahead of time. It is smoothly done and well informed, but as bland and shallow as tomorrow's AP report, which in fact it is. Indispensable for newspapers that will cover the story some day. Fans—there must be many—will consume it line by line. I liked it very much for what it was, and tried hard to overlook what it omitted. Miss Levy, an experienced journalist now in NASA's Office of Public Affairs, has edited twenty-odd essays on all the facets of life her title implies. Leading figures produce pages of literate argument, sometimes unconvincing, but never absurd. President Johnson himself appears—or perhaps Mr. Moyers—with a temperate piece, a little more bellicose than usual, recapitulating the style of the questions he asked after the moon pictures: "Can we lead the world down below, and not up above?" Our new Attorney General, the head of NASA, the head of AEC, the director of Arms Control and Disarmament, Colonel Glenn, all are represented.

The largest industry in the United States is aerospace, and in this season of military phasing-out, NASA is its most thriving wing. Economics, the law and union questions are discussed tolerably well, along with a military piece sounding rather wistful. Again, the material is the stuff of public relations, one step ahead of the mass media. But Miss Levy has done a cool job of collecting—a chapter of criticism, and three essays by religious men on the moral issues are included. Dr. Abraham Heschel damns the whole of NASA in a feeling little piece dealing with the themes of my first paragraphs—the waste such projects represent in a world of bitter need. Miss Levy earns my respect by printing it; I wouldn't have bet she would. I feel a bit more ambiguous about her own essay on the future of a woman's life once cooking and eating are reduced wholly to *à l'astronaut*; all food and drink will be contained in a single

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liquid three times a day; you eat the cup for bulk, she insists. Oh brave new world, that has such creatures in't! What a spin-off!

The Triple Revolution appears in these books if you will—weapons, automation, the demand of the oppressed. But pick up the grand theme, like a thread out of our life today, and you'll be led to the heart of the maze. But instead of the Minotaur, there is a mirror there, and another tangle. In old China the celestial order was the archetype of the state. When the chaos of the aurora or the uncertain course of comets marred the sky, the empire grew insecure. When the empire fell, it was thought to have lost the support of the sky, the Mandate of Heaven. These books tell tales of a moon race, the rise of economic opportunity and human equality in the Gulf States, the Ph.D.-WPA resources of NASA which have supplanted the emphasis on the weaponry of a past decade, the enormous resources mobilized to serve an interventionist astronomy, and finally, the genuine grandeur which lies beyond everything we experience as the fabric of daily life. One need not strain to see in this pageant another appeal to the Mandate of Heaven.

Schools, Science & Society

Allan C. Goldstein

The scientific revolution has finally come to the high schools, and we are almost inundated by it. A representative sampling of its fruits can be seen in *Physics*, compiled by the Physical Science Study Committee; three volumes compiled by the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study; and two volumes on chemistry: *Chemical Systems*, compiled by the Chemical Bond Approach group and *Chemistry: An Experimental Science* by Chemical Education Materials Study group. The results of these labors are astonishing. All six volumes are fine works, belying the general rule that anything done by a committee must be inferior to anything done by a single man.

These textbooks overwhelm anyone who still remembers what he was taught in high school or, for that matter, in college science. The student who masters what they offer is going to be able to talk about conservation laws, quantum levels, orbital formations, the chemistry of fermentation and photosynthesis, mutation, isolation and natural selection. And what he learns about these subjects will be more substantial than teen-age party talk. But can advanced topics, previously restricted to intermediate-level college courses, be presented to high school students in such a way that they can learn anything about them? And if so, will any but the top 1 per cent of the average American high school class master them?

The first question doesn't frighten us so much as it might have a scant ten years ago. There is much greater willingness to believe that what we used to call difficult is no more so than what we ordinarily call simple. Piaget has shown us that the child's earliest appreciation of mathematics is topological in nature. The child understands complex properties before he understands ordered number systems. By extension, it should be just as easy if not easier to teach him mathematical topology and set theory than to teach him what we ordinarily consider simple. In mathematical curricula over the country, these insights are practiced today. We recognize that "simple" and "complex" are adult concepts, and that children, not knowing what to be afraid of, are now learning more complex things than we would have thought possible a little while ago.

Turning to the second question, are these topics well taught? They have all been pretested rather thoroughly; clearly they can reach more than a small percentage of American high school students. It is almost shocking to look at *Chemical Systems*, a book in which the very chapter headings affront us. There are no standard chapters like The Halogens, Water or Oxygen, but an approach in which modern physical chemistry provides the organizing principles. It takes only a single reading before the order of topics seems as natural and as simple as the order in the older books, and a lot more basic. The ultimate place of these books in the curriculum will still be decided, but they certainly seem fit for the average high school classroom.

Physics and *Chemical Systems* are based on rather explicit pedagogi-

Allan C. Goldstein is a physiological psychologist at the Graduate School of Education, Yeshiva University.

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cal principles. The approach of *Physics* is phenomenological. It tries to relate the concepts and ideas to the world of the pupil. Sometimes this can be done in terms of examples. Where it cannot, an extremely imaginative set of photographs furnishes a new dimension of illustration. *Chemical Systems* systematically introduces the student to mental models as tools for describing data. The atom is presented first in terms of uniform electron clouds and then in terms of electron orbitals. Each model is tested for its efficiency in predicting what is known about molecular configurations. For those who may have forgotten, this was a real challenge to the ingenuity of the writers since there is no agreed upon visual model possible for the atom as understood at present. The well-taught student ought to go away with a lively sense of what models are for in science, and also with some healthy skepticism about their use as well.

Where *Chemical Systems* treats chemistry as a theoretical science, *Chemistry: An Experimental Science* makes chemistry just that—a laboratory-oriented discipline in which textbook is tightly integrated with work being done in the laboratory. Both in book and in laboratory the stress is on principles. The writers of this book, like the writers of *Physics*, came to the same conclusion—for a standard textbook to meet the educational needs of today, a radical reformulation of accepted methods was necessary. So much has science changed.

The three books compiled by the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study differ in the way they present the facts of biology, but not in their ingenuity. Gone are laborious introductions to the anatomical characteristics of the great animal and plant groups. Substituted instead are overarching approaches to biology within which facts are introduced along the way. The "blue version," *Molecules to Man*, emphasizes the chemical evolution of life and the communality of systems in plants and animals. The "green version," *High School Biology*, emphasizes ecology, ecological geography and biosphere notions. The "yellow version," *Biological Science: An Inquiry Into Life*, emphasizes the cell, and the great principles of plant and animal organization. All three discuss at great length and with equal thoroughness the major organizational principles of biology—the cellular and evolutionary theories. They get there by diverse routes and the landscapes are alluringly different.

On an a priori basis the striking objection to these books is that they are overloaded. There is some question as to whether the effective teacher is not going to be teaching too much. The English make more use of brief presentations of a scholarly kind, a 200-page biology, chemistry or physics. The English approach has its disadvantages, no doubt, but American textbook writers have not been as aware as they might of the virtues of brevity, of sketching in the outlines, and letting them soak in before loading the framework with detail. There is no way for a student of these books to skim, to get the flavor of the whole subject. The introductory chapters attempt this, but they end up touching upon, not surveying. Each of these books compels the student to progress; but progression overweighted with detail hampers motivation. My only regret is that the little books which go along with *Physics* and the biology books do not have a little, little book which surveys by apt and selected examples its field, illustrating in depth some of its approaches and showing some worked examples. A student ought to have some weekend reading before he engages these books for an entire school year.

But as always when one sees his early training so changed, there are bound to be some deeper reflections. One of the most salutary things about these texts is that they reflect the growing consensus that science ought to be presented realistically as an engaging (some of us would feel, the most engaging) intellectual pursuit of man. Gone are the sterile renditions of the scientific method: phrasing a hypothesis, testing the hypothesis, drawing conclusions, revising hypotheses. In the words of the poem about Paul Revere, "hardly a man is now alive" who ever did science that way. Science was never better described than by Bridgman when he said, "Science is doing one's damndest with one's mind, no holds barred." This conviction is admirably demonstrated in these books. So I have no complaint about what is here, but may a prematurely aging scientist wonder a moment about what else the student is going to take away from these books about science itself.

Sixty years ago, for those of us who care to read about it, science was a bold vision for the future, a model for man, for his hopes, for what he could realize. No one really ever expected that much from it, but it is a little terrifying how very little we expect from it now. The disillusion is greater when we see science, at least one part of it, developed to that point all of us hoped it would reach. It is now a fact that high school students will one day soon be introduced as a matter of course to science, expertly presented and powerfully developed. Yet what has become of science's dream? Have we finally gotten to science just when we think its relevance to human concerns is least? We teach science's methods but expect them (perhaps because we do not want them) to have very little relevance beyond the confines of their own technical subject matter.

I am reminded of the conclusion of one of Parkinson's books, where he contrasts a flight to Malaya on a modern aircraft, smooth, efficient, expert in execution, with the tangled snarl of archaic passport and customs hurdles to be passed as soon as he lands. The airplane he analogizes to our technological civilization; the customs to our hopelessly ineffectual political forms. We Americans are an eminently practical people, but in our political forms we are frightfully theoretical. We do not want to examine why we live the way we do. Unlike in science, our ideas are not probes for further action, but debating points to be argued about endlessly in defense of one man's theory of man against another's. We are supposed to be pragmatists, but we are not; we are empiricists. We pro-

Biological Science: Molecules to Man. Biological Sciences Curriculum Study. Houghton Mifflin (1963). $6.80; $7.96 with laboratory manual.

Biological Science: An Inquiry Into Life. Biological Sciences Curriculum Study. Harcourt, Brace & World (1963). $6.60; $8 with laboratory manual.

High School Biology. Biological Sciences Curriculum Study. Rand McNally (1963). $8.24 including laboratory manual.

Chemical Systems. Chemical Bond Approach Project. McGraw-Hill (1964). $6.96.

Chemistry: An Experimental Science. Chemical Education Material Study. Freeman (1963). $5.80; $7.40 with laboratory manual.

Physics. Physical Science Study Committee. Heath (1960). $5.48; $6.84 with laboratory manual.

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claim our theory of man and then try to adapt ourselves to every fact which flies in the face of that theory.

Science has succeeded because it is a pragmatic undertaking. Its hypotheses derive from its theories and intuitions, but the results of testing support or discredit the original inspiration. The best of scientific method is the interplay of fact and theory. Experimentation is but the mind in action; the hand is extension of thought for science. Democracy is the only society fully compatible with the pragmatic nature of man. It is the only society which leaves open the possibility of new experiments the results of which can be accepted or rejected by the freely given vote of its citizens. But, in fact, we refuse to be pragmatists about our social lives and have failed to take up this offering from natural science. And so the promise that more and more citizens will be skillfully exposed to the ideas of science is tempered by the recognition that very few of them will ever see the application of these ideas to the lives they live. Though we stand on the threshold of full acceptance of science into the corpus of education, we are less and less likely to achieve the full enrichment of democratic forms which lies in broadening the pragmatic nature of science to civilized life itself.

Secession to the Moon

KEPLER'S DREAM. By John Lear. Translated by Patricia Frueh Kirkwood. University of California Press. 182 pp. $5.

Warren Miller

It ought somehow to reassure us in our isolation to know that our great contemporaries Galileo and Kepler were in touch with each other. In 1610, the Italian had sent to Kepler a copy of his pamphlet, *Message from the Stars.* Kepler, then the science adviser to the Hapsburg emperor in Prague, responded with a *Conversation with the Star Messenger*: in this document, for the first time, he speaks of a "complete geography of the moon," which he had finished "last summer." He tells Galileo that even without a telescope (Kepler did not have one) it was possible to "discover" mountains on the moon. Indeed, Plutarch had reported their presence 1,500 years before and Kepler, as a student at Tübingen, had learned how to measure the shadows on the moon and estimate lunar elevations. Now that his geography is completed, all that's needed is to provide "ship or sails adapted to the heavenly breezes" and the voyage to the moon can begin. Like the Spanish and Portuguese, he offers to divide this newer world with Galileo: "So, for those who will come shortly to attempt this journey, let us establish the astronomy: Galileo, you of Jupiter, I of the moon."

Kepler thus staked his claim, but having been in the first place reluctant to write the lunar geography, he delayed publication; and the book was not published until four years after his death, in 1634. He feared censorship and further quarrels with the Lutherans, his Protestant equivalents of Galileo's tormentors. He had already been rejected for a post on the Tübingen faculty on the grounds that he might spread the poison of Calvinism and, probably more important, he persisted in holding to his advocacy of the Copernican theory. The faculty was expected to uphold the view of Luther and his science adviser Phillip Melancthon: that to accept the Copernican ideas was a rejection of Holy Writ.

Kepler's astronomy of the moon appeared under the odd title of *Dream;* apparently, few copies were sold at the time and, during the centuries since, it has been seldom noted and little read. It remained in its original Latin until 1898 when a German paraphrase was published. Robert Small, who wrote the classic account of Kepler's work in 1804, did not mention the *Dream.* For most of us, it was Marjorie Hope Nicolson's *Voyages to the Moon,* published here in 1948, which made known the existence of this document.

For Nicolson, and therefore for us, it was a "piece of fiction," a bit of information we stored away with another literary fact: that Cyrano de Bergerac also wrote one of the earliest works of science fiction. The first published English translation of the *Dream* was in a science-fiction anthology, *Beyond Time and Space,* published in 1950. It remained for John Lear, science editor of the *Saturday Review,* to bring us the complete text *and* Kepler's notes to it, which are essential.

Kepler believed, at first, that the allegorical obscurities of his manuscript would be readily apparent to learned readers; he was quickly disabused of this notion. It was seized upon almost at once as an autobiographical statement and was used by the prosecution in their attempt to bring Kepler's mother to book as a witch. Notes were added to elucidate the text. Kepler wrote, in a letter ". . . there are as many problems as there are lines. . . . But what would you? How many people would consider it worth the trouble to solve them? Men want amusements of this sort to be presented with a gentle arm. . . ."

In his "Introduction and Interpretation," Lear employs the exegetic zeal of a New Critic (as well as enormous learning) to reveal the several layers of meaning: scientific, autobiographical and political. Intentionally or not, he also reveals how little significant change for the scientist has taken place in the more than three centuries since Kepler's death: his social role is still precarious, he remains—perhaps now more

Warren Miller is the author of The Cool World *and* Ninety Miles from Home: The Face of Cuba Today *(both Little, Brown).*

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than ever—dependent upon the good will of governments. I would think that the chief difference between Kepler and our scientists is that he never tried to fool himself; power was then too nakedly apparent to permit illusions. In 1623, writing to a friend, Kepler asked: "Would it be a great crime to paint the cyclopian morals of this period in livid colors, but for the sake of caution, to depart from the earth with such writing and secede to the moon?"

Lear's judgment is that "in writing the first geography of the moon, Johannes Kepler performed a feat of scientific imagination unmatched before or since." But in bringing this work to light, Lear has himself provided us with evidence for doubt. Perhaps, centuries from now, the Moon Project will be seen as an essentially political act, an allegory under which is hidden the determination of our scientists to secede from the world and all.

Freedom To Choose One's Death

SUICIDE AND THE SOUL. By James Hillman. Harper & Row. 191 pp. $3.50.

SUICIDE AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE. By E. Stengel. Penguin Books. 133 pp. 95c paper.

Joost A. M. Meerloo

During the past few years there has been a veritable rash of books dealing with the theme of suicide. It is as if the threat of atomic extinction were sharpening our self-awareness and making us more mindful of the ever-present self-destructive tendencies we harbor within us. The French writer Barbusse once remarked that two armies at war form one huge mass of people committing suicide.

Usually, the study of suicide is left to the sociologists and psychiatrists who, by the very nature of their professions, are bound to various preformed and prejudiced opinions on the subject. A story is told of a psychiatrist and a sociologist who journeyed to the Orient to attend a conference on alienation and self-destruction. Out for a stroll one evening, they came upon a man hanging from a tree and rushed to cut the poor fellow down. Putting their good Samaritan instincts to work, they tried feverishly to bring him back to life and finally succeeded. Meanwhile, a hostile crowd had gathered and the atmosphere grew electric with an ominous tension. The pair had begun to fear for their lives when a policeman came along just in time to save them from lynching by the mob.

But the matter did not end there. They were astonished to find themselves being hauled off to court and brought before the local judge. It seemed they had committed a cardinal sin. They had the temerity, the audacity, the brazen gall to interfere with the plans of a holy man who wished to join his ancestors and had already given away all his earthly possessions before going about the business of putting an end to himself. So in addition to paying a very substantial fine for their misdeed, the two were ordered to take on the responsibility of caring for the holy man's future material needs. After all, he obviously had nothing to live on now.

Here in a nutshell is the quandary posed by suicide. On the one hand, there is the pressure from the medical and psychiatric forces, influenced by Judeo-Christian tradition and Western civilization, to look upon suicide as something evil and pathological, something we have to prevent at all costs. But in many parts of the world there is a cultural acceptance of self-chosen death, the freedom to choose and face our own death.

Furthermore, physicians are the promoters of life and longevity. Witness the number of suicide clinics we have set up to treat man's desperate cry for help. Yet at the other end of the scale we find an ever-increasing expression of man's self-destructive tendencies in the form of drug addiction, psychosomatic ailments and accident proneness, to mention but a few. Like love, suicide has many faces, some of them all too familiar in daily life.

James Hillman's book, *Suicide and the Soul*, is a fine guide for acquainting the reader with the multiple issues involved. It is a fascinating and enlightening study because the author discusses suicide as a philosophical question, as well as a matter of therapy and healing. The right to live one's own life is closely connected with the right to die one's own death. The author analyzes this predicament for us in a clear, concise fashion and with a style that goes far beyond the usual scientific jargon.

Hillman is well aware that he is treading on the thin ice of countless taboos on this subject, but he can do so with aplomb because he is thoroughly familiar with the many historical attitudes toward the problem. He questions especially the limited medical emphasis on prevention of suicide in a world where people are daily behaving toward one another with aggression and destruction. Theologians have long understood that in many cases of suicide rebellion and protest against one's Maker played the crucial role.

Suicide and the justification or abhorrence thereof cannot be studied without an investigation of the theme of death and man's attitude toward dying. Hillman refers several times to Heidegger, who supports Freud in placing death at the center of existence. ". . . Suicide is no longer one of the ways of entering death, but all death is suicide, and the choice of method is only more or less evident, whether air-crash, heart attack, or those acts usually called suicide." Again, he writes, "Suicide is the urge for hasty transformation."

Hillman's views on suicide are heavily influenced by Jungian philosophy, which is hardly surprising inasmuch as he is currently Director of Studies at the Jung Institute in Zurich. This philosophy gives the book its special flavor; it grapples with the

Joost A. M. Meerloo, M.D., is an associate professor of psychiatry and the author of Suicide and Mass Suicide.

Peasant Renewal of Earth

You are not dead! Heart-locked,
postured for eternal rest,
you lay, an abandoned egg

in a Chinese nest. Let me sit:
Perhaps you'll break out
with a jewelled pagoda to earth,

rivet a steel terrace (facing south)
against the back fence or out
by the road if you like, let it rise

majestic like Machu Picchu,
and fill in pre-freeway earth:
A Norwegian roof, life down within

(a cow or some other source of renewal).
Make friends with earth, it is sweet
like ancestors—ashes are holy

on the head. A verdurous vestment
will cover you, so begin your ascent.
And underneath too? Mushrooms!

That's how you should grow mushrooms!

Edward Auert

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analytic treatment of the death problem more profoundly than much of the more orthodox psychoanalytic literature that I have seen. Becoming part of the other patient's fate in the course of treatment is direct protection against his acting out the irreversible deed of self-chosen death.

Hillman's book is far more than a simple treatise on suicide, especially in the chapter wherein he reflects on the philosophy of healing and the bias of the word pathology. As any physician worth his salt should know, regardless of what his branch of medicine happens to be, the therapist can only collaborate with the healing potentialities in man; he himself is not the healer.

Erwin Stengel's *Suicide and Attempted Suicide* takes us from the realm of philosophical and analytic understanding to the field of clinical description of the problem of suicide and its statistical variations. A completely different way of approaching the problem, this book shows us the surface of the dilemma, a point of view also worth knowing about. Here we return to the familiar terminology of crisis and despair, and the use of well-intentioned good Samaritans who, as doctors or social workers, temporarily shove the person who is in a state of crisis into a safety zone of self-reflection.

This reviewer is very much aware that we are living in a world where a great part of mankind is shiveringly awaiting the final peace that may come as a result of an atomic explosion. In such a world the individual act can be a rebellious token payment in advance for what a person expects fate holds in store for him. This type of mock rebellion can readily be acted out as a hysterical suicidal attempt with an overdose of sleeping drugs or running amuck in the high-speed frenzy on the highways.

There exists in every suicidal attempt a "near death" experience that can become, at the same time, the new motor for creativity and *amor fati*. Many people feel really alive only when they are in pain and anxiety. They experience life as a constant battle with death—the arch enemy—and want to come close to it and feel it so that finally they may accept death as a final friend, as fate.

In youngsters, particularly, we find this toying with death and destruction so as to reach the meaning of life. To be sure, the flirtation can go too far and lead to actual death. But many young people use the challenge to learn how to cope with the far more destructive world around them. This is the philosophical dilemma of suicide and self-destruction that Hillman describes so graphically.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

A NEW GENERATION

The younger generation of American composers has already given some striking evidence of its capacity and determination to carry on the most challenging and important work of its "middle-generation" predecessors. To begin with, one finds among its members a remarkably unequivocal conviction that musical composition is, above all, an act of thought, capable of making a significant contribution to that crucial area of the 20th-century intellectual mainstream that Hermann Weyl described as "the rational subjugation of the unbounded." But these composers also reveal an equivalently sophisticated awareness of both the range of the musical literature and the nature of the musical process, perceptual and constructive; and the result of this conjunction is an extraordinary willingness to demand and assume complete responsibility for every note composed, for every verbal or symbolic formulation of a musical idea or procedure. What is most important, of course, is that many of them appear capable of musical thought of genuine substance, and of inventing original sonic frameworks within which their ideas can function and project.

Such qualities, moreover, are regarded as totally sufficient to justify their activity; there is no sense of a need for qualifying apologies or noncognitive euphemisms about "sensibility" or "aesthetic communication." The virtues of their work are precisely those qualities of intellectual depth, complexity, resourcefulness and responsibility that characterize the American philosophic tradition, and they are content to let the deficiencies of these attributes be their deficiencies as well. Consequently, they refuse to be misled into metaphysical self-deception by the pseudo-scientific mysticism of some of their European (and European-oriented) colleagues, or to be diverted into self-pity by the insistent counsels of existential despair.

In the formation of such attitudes, a primary role has been played by the American university, where almost all our "advanced" young composers have received their intellectual and musical training. Indeed, even their older colleagues are now almost universally associated with university faculties. In this respect—that its most problematic and advanced music is by "academic" composers—American music is radically different not only from the other American arts but especially from its counterpart in Europe. For within the university environment, the young composers have begun to confront the professional situation as a matter for which composers themselves must assume principal responsibility; if the concert-giving world, on whom so many of their elders waited so long and fruitlessly for recognition and adequate representation, would not provide an appropriate cultural function or a tenable professional milieu, the composers had to create these according

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to their own needs and concepts, and manned, if necessary, entirely by themselves. The resultant performance activity, which has also attracted those few young performers whose appetite for musical and technical challenge was frustrated by the routine of recital-hall acrobatics, has achieved a sensational vitality and growth, and the stimulus that this self-contained situation has, in turn, given to far-reaching explorations of the possibilities of the electronic and computer domains has transformed the horizons of the sound-world within which our composers can work.

The extent and diversity of this activity make it impossible to attempt an exhaustive or adequate description of its range and nature in a single discussion. Even the number of individual universities involved is formidable; for although Princeton has—especially through the work and teaching of Milton Babbitt—been the *locus classicus* for the whole development, and Princeton graduates have been prominent in many of the most active departments, there is, especially in the Eastern Ivy League schools and a few of the larger Midwestern universities, a notable tendency for each university community to generate its own interpretive variant of the basic compositional attitude, as well as its own characteristic activities. Thus Columbia, Yale and Penn among the Ivy League have all made individually significant contributions (Harvard, curiously, is so far a conspicuous exception to this liveliness, despite the presence there of Leon Kirchner and Billy Jim Layton), while Chicago, Illinois and Berkeley have created powerful orbits of their own in the Midwest and far West.

But precisely because the phenomenon has now taken on such significant proportions, and is still so largely unknown to the American musical public at large, it seems worth while simply to sketch some of the special qualities characterizing each of the major centers, and some of the concerns that emerge from the work of their most conspicuous participants. It must be emphasized, however, that this superficial charting of a vast field is not intended as an evaluation of ultimately or immediately "most important," "most promising" or even "most successful" composers or activities.

Princeton: Princeton's central role as teacher, moral example and generative force (a frequently overlooked aspect of which is the compositional diversity represented by a faculty that includes Roger Sessions, Babbitt, Edward Cone and Earl Kim) is reflected in its musical activity as well; the composers who have remained are those who make the deepest and most uncompromising explorations into the nature of musical thought, and their conclusions and methods tend to be correspondingly unique. Thus the RCA Synthesizer at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Studio was primarily viewed as a resource to investigate the possibilities of maximally precise and minute relational differentiations, and the currently most far-reaching work in computer synthesis and analysis is taking place at the Princeton Computer Center. Given their fundamentalist approach to systematic coherence, it should not be surprising that neither of the outstanding young Princeton composers, Godfrey Winham and J. K. Randall, composes nominally "twelve-tone" music, but both have developed independent approaches far more fundamentally rooted in Schoenberg and Babbitt than more obvious derivations. Randall's work (his *somewhere I have never travelled* was performed on Gunther Schuller's series this year) has a surface of transparent simplicity, spare and open in texture, "diatonic" in sonority, and centered on linear recurrences, through which the minutest inflections are sensitively projected as significant structural events. Winham's recent Composition for Orchestra is almost shockingly conventional in its Schubertian rhythms and equally "square" textures, but these, again, function as a stable reflective medium for the coherent projection of some remarkable, constructive ideas.

Columbia: Through their common electronic studio, the Princeton-Columbia relationship has been particularly close; but if Princeton activities in electronics tend to raise fundamental questions about performance and perception, the young Columbia composers have made a basic revaluation of the possibilities still inherent in live performance, and the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia has been the essential example out of which similar groups have been formed all over the country. Of the young composers, Peter Westergaard is unquestionably the most mature

My Mouth Quick With Many Bees

My mouth is snow slowly caking that stiff pigeon.
My mouth, the intricately moist machinery of a plant.
I have forgotten if I ever had a mouth.

I have two mouths.
One like warm rain
or wind manipulating the worn limbs of an elm;

My mouth knows nothing of music.
Or of the oils of love.

Its shape is the shadow of innumerable pigeons,
Its words, at times, their bones.

My eyes, too, know of shadows.
And of the delicate hairs of my grandmother's heart.
And of the plums of puberty.
And the shadow of the eggs inside the woman who moves
immemorially through clover.
past the wheat field and alfalfa
and the 1890 Roman Catholic cemetery near the farm in Palos Park.

My eyes know of the blue shadow of the one desire.

The mind does not;
it is an animal, ignorant, ambiguous, talking,
as it must, with many voices.

I walk toward you as if wading through the waves in somebody else's dream.

I shall survive this death, even though the heart is
a shadow of a bone.
Or thick glass.

My mouth quick with many bees.

Paul Carroll

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and impressive, the quiet but indispensable catalyst from whose teaching and compositional example the younger composers have drawn their initial sophistication and responsibility. Charles Wuorinen, co-director with Harvey Sollberger of the group is a composer of prodigious gifts and productivity whose music typically develops from a framework of massive sound and gesture that seems to subsume the whole range of contemporary musical resource into forcible conjunction; his successes have been extraordinary, and the sense of a deep involvement of basic compositional idea with the act of live performance creates a powerful argument for the latter's continuing vitality. Harvey Sollberger's music is similarly suggestive, but more from a point of view as "performer's music" in the best and freshest sense of an intelligent and perceptive synthesis of a wide range of "characteristic" new-music figurations and profiles. Mario Davidovsky, a classic master of the electronic medium, produces works whose sensitivity to timbral associations (especially in the mixture of "live" and synthesized sounds, as in his *Synchronisms No. 2*) and to degrees of dynamic and spatial differentiation seem to open new levels of sonic perception.

Yale: Following the twilight of its Hindemith era, Yale's development as a center for creative activity and instruction in composition and theory has been perhaps the most comprehensive and impressive in the country; it has assembled a remarkably diverse and lively group of faculty composers, including such established younger men as Mel Powell, Gunther Schuller and Yehudi Wyner; it has, under Powell's direction, developed its own center for electronic music; in a small city it has maintained an ISCM activity more consistent than New York's; and it has provided the impetus for an ambitious orchestra commissioning series by the New Haven Symphony, reported in an earlier column this season (Dec. 7). Yale's younger composers include Donald Martino, whose recent Concerto for Wind Quintet (commissioned for last summer's Tanglewood festival) develops a polyphonic twelve-tone texture with phenomenal instrumental flair, particularly in the articulation of a multitude of "conventional" events juxtaposed in a super-rapid rate of succession to create a totally new ensemble sonority; and

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Lawrence Moss, a Kirchner pupil whose chamber opera *The Brute* (performed last season at the YMHA Polikoff series) was certainly the most impressive and substantial "workshop" opera I have heard, in which for once the sung lines had a significant relation to the orchestral pitches and to a music-dramatic continuity rather than merely providing pitch-pegs on which to hang a toneless "modern-opera" declamation.

University of Pennsylvania: Penn's composition department, under the chairmanship of George Rochberg, has recently shown such signs of activity as the engagement of orchestral conductors (most recently Melvin Strauss) capable of teaching and conducting performances of new music, association with the composers' lecture-concert series at the Philadelphia Art Alliance, and involvement in the presentation of new-music concerts by touring ensembles. Henry Weinberg's String Quartet (played at both Princeton and Penn by the Composers' String Quartet) is a fusion of some of the most problematic and provocative aspects in the work of both Elliot Carter and Babbitt; and the encounter of such highly divergent approaches in the pitch and rhythmic domains throws off some spectacular sonic sparks, and results in a continuous intensity and concentration.

Swarthmore: Activity here is chiefly remarkable for the compositions of Claudio Spies, whose refined and critical ear guides him through the mazes of intellectual and sonic complexity to produce in a work such as *Tempi* (played at Swarthmore last spring and scheduled for New York performance this season) a subtle and perceptive exploration of recent-Stravinskyan sonority and rhythm.

Buffalo: Buffalo's massive Rockefeller-supported Center for New Music, in which a number of young composer-performers are given resident fellowships to devote themselves to composition and performance, is (with the similar U. of Chicago program) the most elaborate repercussion of the Columbia Group idea. Thus far, the only new composer to emerge from it has been Fredric Myrow, whose Songs from the Japanese are full of the almost traditional kind of dexterous "music-making" with new materials, the practice in which Gunther Schuller is the master.

Chicago: The Rockefeller program here is conducted by Ralph Shapey, and has included performances of difficult works by almost every important American composer in its initial season (some of which is being repeated in New York in late March). Moreover, both of the other faculty composers, Easley Blackwood and John Perkins, are accomplished (and, in the case of Blackwood, spectacular) pianists. Blackwood, known for years as the prize-winning automaton out of Hindemith and the *Boulangerie*, has increasingly turned his attention to more challenging compositional problems, and his latest works reveal an intricacy of thought and a thoroughness in the working out of ideas that matches the consummate technical facility of the earlier music. Perkins is a mature and resourceful pupil of Arthur Berger, and his work has Berger's quality of careful measurement of musical space and distance, and maximum deployment of the available possibilities within a drastically limited articulative range.

University of Illinois: One hears of marvelous feats of performance by student and faculty musicians (reported by highly unimpressionable New Yorkers) at the Illinois Festival of the Creative Arts, surely the most ambitious and extensive of its kind, which runs for six weekends in February and March and is devoted to assembling the most advanced current manifestations in each of the fields involved, extending in music from chamber music to full-scale opera. In past years, the festival has been somewhat limited by the necessity to reconcile all elements of an incredibly vast and diverse music school faculty; but the latest festival appears to have been entirely in the hands of young composers who programed only what they wanted to hear and devoted themselves to preparing superior performances. Salvatore Martirano is well known in New York—his Cocktail Music for piano, a brilliant lexicon of ways to articulate cascading handfuls of even notes, has been performed several times here—and his latest work, *Underworld*, will be performed on a Fromm concert this spring. Kenneth Gaburo used to compose rather strident, constricted, but frequently striking music; I have not heard any recent works. Ben Johnston, this year's festival director, represents a completely different American experimental tradition, an older preoccupation with tunings, scales and instruments associated with Harry Partch and the California primitives. And the Illinois electronic studio, undoubtedly the most elaborately equipped after Columbia-Princeton, as well as its program of research into information-theory principles derivable from musical phenomena under Lejaren Hiller's direction, seems to provide the richest environment of resources and potential for the investigation of any compositional, theoretical or performance idea of any of the universities discussed. Indeed, when one considers just the enormous student-faculty population of the typical Midwestern school of music (not to mention that of the entire surrounding university), combined with the immediate availability of every human and mechanical resource, as well as the possibility of total concentration in the absence of any diversions except those self-created, the supposed provincial isolation of the great musical midland seems less provincial or isolating than the activity-choked and uncontemplative musical life of our principal city. It may ultimately prove the most promising framework for the centers of creative activity and research that our composers and our musical culture so desperately need.*

* The cruelty of space limitation precluded further discussion, but I should not like to omit at least the mention of David Lewin at Berkeley, George Crumb at the University of Colorado, Robert Cogan at the New England Conservatory, Alden Ashforth at Oberlin, Martin Boykan at Brandeis, Karl Kohn at Pomona, George Wilson at Michigan, Richard Swift of the University of California at Davis, and Charles Dodge, the youngest of the gifted Columbia contingent.

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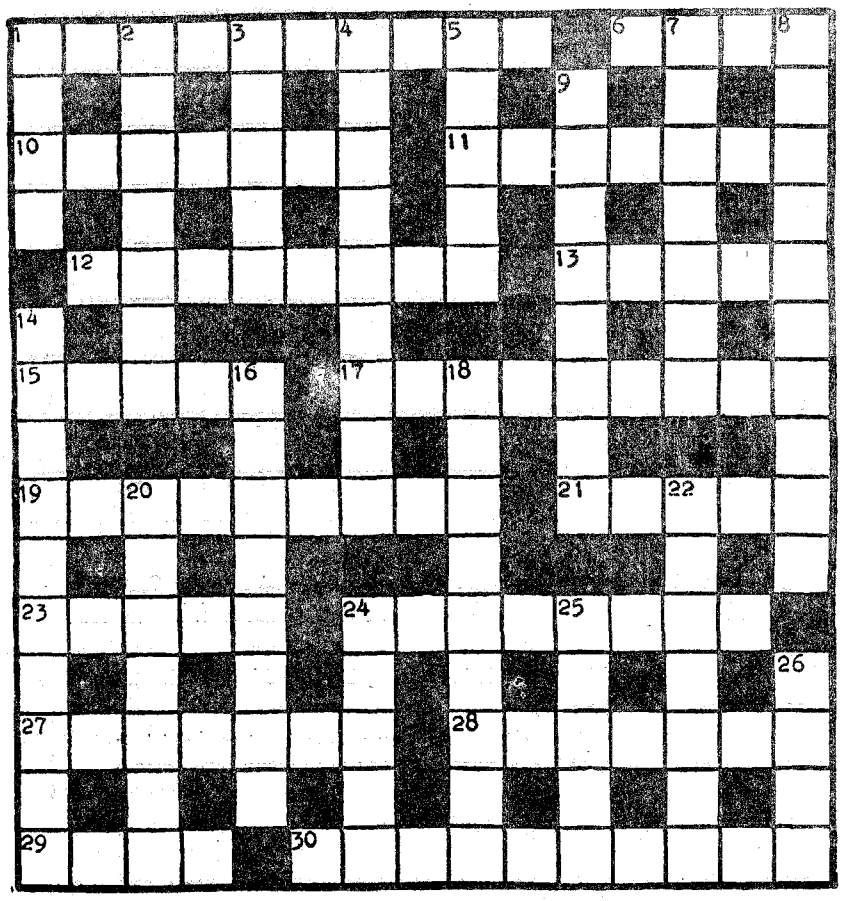
Crossword Puzzle No. 1099

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Dealing adequately with tired words of wisdom might make rounding corners easier. (6, 4)
6 Those who fly well have different suits. (4)
10 Have a requirement to get pulled along and urged to act. (7)
11 Continued to think back, when left very far around. (7)
12 A slightly lower mark than Longfellow's little girl achieved. (4, 4)
13 Stands like animals. (5)
15 About ready to show what is not quite proper. (5)
17 Is Siva a fleet type? (9)
19 Prices due when the corn is cut? (9)
21 Is the conductor stranded? Send a message! (5)
23 One might be dismal to do as we might to 'em in "Tammany." (5)
24 Giving a locomotive a comforting expression. (8)
27 What Sayers' Parker does. (7)
28 Miss Shearer's prototype? (7)
29 At least part of the herd might be orderly! (4)
30 Cut in Georgian fashion? (6, 4)

DOWN:

1 and 25 Right in the middle of a copper get-together? (9)
2, 7 and 16 down Gift firm not counted, if you want to be exclusively critical. (7, 7, 8)
3 Charles didn't like the thought of her starving. (5)
4 An extra dish for the team command? (4, 5)
5 Sent something like a 21, as beads might be. (5)
7 See 2 down
8 This might empty into an artery. (4, 6)
9 Here it is basic, or I confuse it with equal pressures. (8)
14 What might give direction to at least a particle of sympathy? (10)
16 See 2 down
18 One that takes care of the hanging, or just puts it off for a while? (9)
20 Certainly not aqua vitae. (4, 3)
22 Certainly not a good manager. (7)
24 A lot of fish that Heller had the number of! (5)
25 See 1 down
26 Haggard girl, empty-hearted, made to go on foot. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1098

ACROSS: 1 Countersign; 9 Parental; 10 Avails; 11 Eidolon; 12 Reserve; 14 Bartok; 15 and 27 Officers Quarters; 17 Havelock; 20 Billed; 22 Couplet; 24 Flowers; 26 Nevada; 28 Benefactors. DOWN: 2 and 13 One for the books; 3 Network; 4 Eels; 5 and 6 State of grace; 7 Farina; 8 Clover; 16 Cold water; 18 Atones; 19 Operate; 20 Ballast; 21 Errors; 25 and 23 Aquaplane.

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